

THE
POOR GENTLEMAN:
A Comedy,
IN FIVE ACTS.

BY **GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.**

CORRECTLY GIVEN,
AS PERFORMED AT THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRE
With Remarks.



NEW-YORK:

Published by **CHARLES WILEY**, No. 3, Wall-street,
and **H. C. CAREY & I. LEA**, and **MCARTY & DAVIS**
Philadelphia, and **SAML. H. PARKER**, Boston.

1821.

G. F. Hopkins, printer, 48 Pine-street

PROLOGUE.



A LONG-established chapman in the trade,
Fairly crows he feels himself afraid;
Yet why should terror in his breast prevail?
He brings the self-same merchandise to sale.
Will his kind customers then bounty drop,
To the same trader in a *larger* shop?
Treat him but as you treated him before,
Ah! give no less — — — he *cannot wish* for more.
Thus far the author has his suit prefer'd,
Now let the wretched Prologue speak one word:
Unhappy verse that's calmly doom'd to glide
In mournful silence down oblivion's tide,
It swings before the door an empty sign—
The play's the treat, the Epilogue's the wine,
While the poor Prologue's dull and formal face
Passes as much unheeded as the *grace*.
Our hard (*the host*) prepares for every guest
A dish of sentiment, he trusts well dress'd;
You choose the lighter entrenchments of wit; (*to the boxes*)
Scolden of solid sense best please the pit. —
You, yet great gods of this our little earth, (*to the galleries*)
Love true good humour season'd high with mirth,
Though hard the task, he boldly strives to-might
To satisfy each various appetite.
Sure to succeed, if you approve his plan;
But should you frown—alas. **POOR GENTLEMAN.**



REMARKS. 1859

AMONGST the numerous instances of the pen of a master, in "The Poor Gentleman," is the whole and entire part of Humphrey Dobbins. A novelty of nature and truth, in so small a compass, only a quick eye can discern in the reading; though on the first night of the play, Waddy presented it to the audience, by excellent acting, as the most finished character in the piece.

Still, that perpetual source of grief and of laughter, a bailiff (here but an imaginary one,) constitutes the most mirthful scene of this comedy—a comedy, which exacts from every reader and spectator, a rigid criticism; not for its want of ingenuity, or powers of amusement, but that both those requisites fall here infinitely below the well known talents of the author.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Philadelphia—1806.

Lieutenant Worthington	Mr. <i>Wood.</i>
Corporal Foss	Mr. <i>Wheatley.</i>
Sir Charles Cropland	Mr. <i>Darley.</i>
Sir Robert Bramble	Mr. <i>Warren.</i>
Humphrey Dobbins	Mr. <i>Herbert.</i>
Farmer Harrowby	Mr. <i>Hathwell.</i>
Stephen Harrowby	Mr. <i>Blissett.</i>
Ollapod	Mr. <i>Jefferson.</i>
Frederick	Mr. <i>Williams.</i>
Warner	Mr. <i>Parker.</i>
Valet to Sir Charles	Mr. <i>Carter.</i>
Servant to do	Mr. <i>Martin.</i>
Miss Lucretia Mac Tab	Mrs. <i>Francis.</i>
Emily	Mrs. <i>Darley.</i>
Dame Harrowby	Mrs. <i>Simpson.</i>
Mary	Mrs. <i>Carter.</i>

SCENE—*Kent.*

THE POOR GENTLEMAN. 2

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. A FARM-HOUSE KITCHEN.

Enter Dame Harrowby and Mary.

Dame. SURE my measter won't be worse than his word, and fail to come back, from Lunnun, to-day?

Mary. That's what he won't, mother—Feyther be as true as the clock; which, for certain, do go but indifferent now, seeing it do stand still.

Farm. (*without*) Woho! gently wi'em! So, there!

Dame. His voice, Mary, warn't it?

Mary. I do think so, fegs!—Stay! (*looks out of the window*) Dear! here be a new drove of horned cattle coming into the yard.

Dame. Nay, then, I'll warrant my old man be among 'em.

Mary. Yes; there be feyther, as sure as two-pence.

Dame. Run, Mary! 'ti; my measter! run!

[*exit Mary.*]

If I ben't all of a twitter to see my old John Harrowby again!

Farm. (*without*) Gently wi'em—So, boys, so!—See 'em well into the yard, Will; and I'll be wi' you, and the rest of the beasts by-an-by.—

Enter Farmer Harrowby, Mary following.

Well, mistress!—How am you? Buss! (*kisses her*) So—Well. and how am you?

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Dame. Purely, John, I thank ye! Well, and how am you?

Farm. Why, I be come from Lunnun, you see—I warrant, I smell of smoke like the Nag's head chimney, in the Borough.

Dame. And what be the freshest news stirring up at Lunnun, John?

Farm. Freshest news? Why, hops have a heavy sale; wheat and malting samples command a brisk market; new tick beans are risen two shillings per quarter, and white and gray peas keep up to their prices.

Mary. Dear! how pleasant it is to get the news fresh from Lunnun, so!—Feyther, if you would but one of those days, now, just carry I up to Lunnun, to learn the genteel fashions at Smithfield and the Borough, and see the modish ladies there abit.

Farm. No, no, Mary: 'hide at farm, and know when you am well. But, mistress, let's hear a little all how and about it, at home.

Dame. Why, first and foremost, John, our lodgers be come.

Farm. No! you don't say so!

Mary. An hour after you left us, feyther—

Dame. The old gentleman, Lieutenant Worthington—

Mary. And his daughter, Miss Emily—

Dame. And his sister-in-law, Madam Lucretia Mac Tab—

Mary. And his old servant, Corporal Foss—

Farm. Whew! fair and softly! one at a time!

Dame. The lieutenant be a staid looking gentleman: and Madam Lucretia—

Mary. She be an old maid, feyther, and as frumpish a toad as ever—

Farm. Why, your old maids, for the most part,

am but cross-grain'd kind of cattle · howsomdever, disappointment sours the best of folks.

Dame. But miss be the prettiest little creature——

Mary. And is sweet temper'd, feyther.

Farm. Be she though?

Mary. No more pride nor our curate. * She will fetch a walk with I in the field, as I go a milking: and speak so kind and so soft; and carry my pail if I would let her, and all with as much descension and fallibility—

Farm. Bless her heart.

Stephen. (*singing without*) "There was a regiment of Irish dragoons"—

Farm. What a dickins be that son Stephen, keepingsuch a clatter?

Dame. Ah! the boy be crazed, I do think, about soldiering, ever since the Licutenant's servant, Corporal Foss, have discoursed to him about campaigning.

Farm. Soldiering! I'll soldier the dog, an he doesn't stick to plough, with a devil to un!

Enter Stephen;—his hair dressed like a soldier's, a black stock, short frock, military spatterdashes, and a carter's whip in his hand.

Steph. Feyther, you am welcome back to country quarters. Charming weather for the young wheat, feyther.

Farm. Why, you booby, who ha' made thee such a baboon?

Steph. A baboon! hä, hä! This be milentary, feyther.

Dame. The lad's head be crack'd for certain.

Farm. Crack'd! dang me but it shall be crack'd, as he don't keep to his business. Answer me, you whelp! who have soap'd up and flowered your numskull after such a fashion?

Steph. Lord, feyther, don't be so vicious. Corporal Foss ha' put I a little upon drill; that be all.

Farm. Upon drill! and leave the farm to go to rack and mangle.

• *Steph.* No, feyther, no—I minds my work, and learns my exercise all under one. I practise “make ready and present” in our bean-field, and when the corporal cries “fire,” I shoots the cartion crows as do the mischief. See, feyther, Corporal Foss have given I this pair of spatterdashes; he wore 'em when he went to beat the Spaniels at Giberalter.

Farm. I'll tell thee what, Stephen, I have a great mind to beat thee worse nor e'er a Spaniel was beat in the world. I'll tire thee of soldiering, I'll warrant thee.—Wouns! let me come at him.

Dame. No, John!

Mary. Hold, feyther, hold. } *both interfering.*

Steph. Don't be so hasty, feyther. I minds my business, I tell'ee, I ha' sow'd three acres of barley before breakfast already.

Farm. Well, come, there may be some hope then yet. And how did you sow it, Stephen?

Steph. I sow'd it to the tune of the Belisle March. Tol, diddle de rol, &c.

Farm. A ploughboy with his hair dressed, sowing barley to the tune of the Belisle March!

Steph. Well, I ha' got the team at the door, with a load of straw from 'Squire Tallyho. Woho my hearties, I be a coming to you. Feyther, Corporal Foss says, that our foremost horse, Argus, if she warn't blind, would make a ger teel charger.

Farm. O, plague o' the corporal!

• *Steph.* 'Twould do your heart good to hear him talk in our chimney corner about mowing down in the field of slaughter. Well, well, I be a going, feyther. Woho, old Argus and Jolly, there. The corporal

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was wounded, feyther, in the left knee with a ha'nd
grenadiero——

Farm Wouns, an you don't go, I'll——

Steph Well, well, I be going, (*shoulders his whip*)
to the right-about, feace [*exit, marching and singing*]

Farm He shan't bide on the farm. I'll turn him
adrit, I'll——

Mary (*crying*) Don't ye, feytho—don't ye be so
sent against poor Stephe

Farm Hooty tooty ' and you too; why the whole
house will be turned topsy turvy.

Mary No indeed, feytho, tho' Stephen be a little
upset with the corporal, nobody shall turn I topsy
turvy, I do assure you, feyther

(*a voice without calls Mary.*)

There, if that ben't Miss Emily calling—now, do,
feytho, do, forgive brother Stephen!—Miss!—Now,
do ye, feyther!—Coming! [*exit.*]

Farm. Pretty goings on, truly; dang it, I wish,
somehow, we had not let these lodgers into the house
—but, 'twill keep us out with the rent, and——

Dame Ah! John Harrowby! (*shaking her head.*)

Farm Why, what now, dame?

Dame. By all I can pick out from the corporal,
who do love to gossip ower his beer, our money be
but in a ticklish way

Farm. Eh! why how so?

Dame A desperate poor family, I fancy.

Farm What then, the Lie tenant——

Dame. Have been in the soldiering line for thirty
long years, but an ugly wound in the arm, which he
got in the wars beyond sea, have made him unfit for
his work any more, it do seem.

Farm. Poor soul!

Dame. He be now upon half-pay, which be little
enow, for so many mouths in one family!

Farm. Poor soul!—His landlord in Lunnun wrote uncommon well, sure, about his character, and honesty, and so forth.

Dame. True, John, but he could not stand it in Lunnun no longer, you see

Farm. Why, look ye, dame, I didn't of a certainty intend to let our best parlour for nothing; but I wish I may be shot, if I can give harsh treatment to an honest man in misfortune under my thatch, who have wasted his strength and his youth in guarding the land, which do give us English farmers a livelihood.

Dame. Ah, John! you am at your old kind ways now!

Farm. Hark! he be opening the parlour door—leave us toget'er a bit, mistress; I'll speak to un, and—

Dame. Well, I'll go John. Ah! bless thy good old heart! I do like to do a good turn myself; but somehow, my old man do always get the start o'me.
[*exit.*]

Enter Worthington.

Farm. A good day to you, sir, (*bowing*) You am welcome into Kent, sir, to my humble cottage here.

Worth. Oh! my landlord, I suppose—Farmer Harrowby?

Farm. Yes, sir, I be Farmer Harrowby, I hope all things am to your liking at Stock's green, sir—I hope the lodgings, sir, and my wife have been agreeable to you, sir, and so forth.

Worth. Nothing can be better. You are well situated here, Harrowby.

Farm. We am all in the rough, sir: farmer like—but the place be well enow for poor folk, sir.

Worth. What does he mean by that? (*aside*

Farm. But I be content in my station, there be no reason why a poor man should not be happy.

Worth. A million! *(half aside.)*

Farm. Am there? well, now, I can't see that; for putting the case, now, sir that you was poor, like I—

Worth. *(ungrily)* I will not suffer you, sir, to put a case so familiarly curious.

Farm. Nay, I meant no offence, I'll be sworn, sir.

Worth. But if you wish to know my sentiments. as far as it may concern yourself, in any money transactions between us, be assured of this, I have too nice a sense of a gentleman's dignity, and too strong a feeling for a poor man's necessity, to permit him to wait a day for a single shilling, which I am indebted to him.

Farm. Dang it, he must be poor; for your great gentry now a-days, do pay in a clean contrary fashion. *(aside.)*

Worth. I shall settle with you for the lodgings, Mr. Harrowby, weekly. One week is due to-day, and—— *(takes out his purse.)*

Farm. No, sir, no. Under favour, I would like it best quarterly, or half-yearly, or at any long time it may suit your conveni——I mean your pleasure, sir.

Worth. Why so?

Farm. Because—humph—because, sir,—Pray, if I may make so bold, sir, how often may the pay days come round with the arriv gentlemen, and such like!

Worth. Insolent! Receive your money, sir; and let me pass from your apartment. *(offering it.)*

Farm. Then I wish I may be burn't if I take it now; and that be flat, sir. *(rejecting it)* You am a brave good gentleman, I be told, sir, wi' a family, and—and—and—in short, there am some little

shopmen of our village, who may press you hard to settle by the week; pay them greedy ones first, sir, and if there be enow at last left for I, well and good—and if you are inclined for riding, sir, there be always a gelding at your service, without charge; I be a plain man, sir, but I do mean nothing but respect, sir, and so I highly wish you a good day.
—Sir. [Exit]

Worth. How am I mortified! what has this man heard? yes this little simple movement of rustic humour towards me, has——Pshaw! where is my fortune—wounded to the frowns of the world, one kindly smile of compassion subdues me; is there a state more galling than need the decent means of maintaining the appearance which liberal birth, education, and profession demands? yes, there is an aggravation—'tis to have a daughter nursed in her father's affections, with little more to share with her than the bread of his anguish, the bitter cup of his sorrows—To see while I am sinking to my grave, my friendless, motherless child—let me draw a veil over this picture—'twere not philosophy, but brutality, to look upon it unmoved. [Exit]

SCENE II. AN APARTMENT IN SIR CHARLES CROPLAND'S HOUSE.

Sir Charles Cropland at breakfast, his valet de chambre adjusting his hair.

Sir Cha. Has old Warner the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Valet. Yes, sir Charles, with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. (*yawning and stretching*) What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this damn'd time of the year

Valet. It is very pleasant to-day out in the park, sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! how can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? all the world's in London.

Valet. I think somehow, it looks so lively, sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful; it spoils hunting; yet as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I set out on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph! when Mr. Warner comes, show him in

Valet. I shall, sir Charles.

Sir Cha. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks; for I want cash consumedly. So, Mr. Warner

Enter Warner.

Warn. Your honour is right welcome into Kent, I am proud to see sir Charles Cropland on his estate again; I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, sir Charles.

Sir Cha. A very tedious time—three days Mr Warner.

Warn. Ah! good sir! things would prosper better, if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you liv'd entirely upon the estate, sir Charles

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner; but men of fashion find it devilish difficult to live upon their estates.

Warn. The country about you so charming!

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warren. I must hunt in Leices

tershire ; for that's the thing. In the frosts and spring months, I must be in town at the clubs ; for that's the thing. In summer I must be at the watering places ; for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate ? for my estate being in Kent.

Warn. The most beautiful part of the country.

Sir Cha. Curse beauty ! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent.

Warn. A land of milk and honey !

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warn. A land of fat !

Sir Cha. Damn your fat !—listen to me—my estate being in Kent——

Warn. So woody !

Sir Cha. Curse the wood !—that's wrong, for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

Warn. Ah ! I was afraid so ; dice on the table, and then the axe to the root ! money lost at play, and then, good lack ! the forest groans for it.

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest ; and why the devil do you groan for it ?

Warn. I heartily wish, sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity. I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Ollapod the apothecary is in the hall, sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Show him in.

[exit Servant.]

Sir Cha. The fellow's a charlatan, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning. In short, Mr. War-

ner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fall timber to that amount immediately ; 'tis my peremptory order.

Warn. I shall obey you, sir Charles, but 'tis with a heavy heart ! Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties ?

Warn. Duties, sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil ; such as to support the dignity of an English land-holder ; for the honour of Old England to promote the welfare of his honest tenants, and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, sir Charles. *[Exit.]*

Sir Cha. A tiresome old blockhead. But where is this Ollapod ? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me ; and to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.—Ha ! Ollapod !

Enter Ollapod.

Olla. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty ; so were woodcocks ; flushed four couple in half a mile's walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a Quinsey. May coming on soon, sir Charles ; season of delight, love, and campaigning. Hope you come to sojourn, sir Charles. Shoul'dnt be always on the wing ; that's being too flighty—he, he, he ! Do you take, good sir, do you take ?

Sir Cha. O, yes ; I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He, he ! Yes, sir Charles : I have now the

honour to be Cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry, of our town.

Sir Cha. How happened that?

Olla. It fell out unexpected; pop on a sudden like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain!

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, sir Charles? Galen's head over the door—new gilt last week—by-the-bye, looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he, he, he! that's very well! very well indeed! Thank you, good sir, I owe you one—Church-warden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner; I was making up a cathartick for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer, sleek as a dry-horse, in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle. I confess his figure struck me; I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

Olla. Ha, ha! that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you good sir! I owe you one. We first talked of shooting; he knew my celebrity that way, sir Charles. I told him, the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumped on the mortar; we then talk'd of physic. I told him, the day before I had kill'd—lost I mean—six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, cying him all the while,

for he look'd dev'lish flashy, to be sure ; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know ; so 'twas natural, he, he !—do you take, good sir do you take ?

Sir Cha. Take ! oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talk'd of the corps itself—said it was sickly, and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association, dose the men and drench the horses, he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jump'd at the offer ?

Olla. Jump'd ! I jump'd over the counter ; kick'd down Church-warden Posh's cathartick into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle, embraced him and his offer, and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop, from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—Oh, laurel water, he, he ! Come, that's very well—very well indeed ! Thank you, good sir ; I owe you one ! Why I tancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake ?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clap'd a pint bottle of her Ladyship's diet drink into one of the holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jallop'd—gallop'd I mean—wheel'd and flourish'd with great *eclat* ; but when the word “ fire ” was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a hell of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the damu'd diet drink of La-

dy Kitty Carbuncle, and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop, full into the face of my gallant commander.

Sir Cha. But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies?

Olla. He, he! I should be sorry not to feel the pulse of a pretty woman now and then, sir Charles. Do you take, good sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Any new faces, since I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth an item—nothing new arrived in our own town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, a most brilliant beauty has lately given lustre to the lodgings of Farmer Harrowby.

Sir Cha. Indeed! Is she comeatable, Ollapod?

Olla. Oh, no. Full of honour as a corps of Cavalry; though plump as a partridge, and mild as emulsion. Miss Emily Worthington, I may venture to say—

Sir Cha. Hey? Who? Emily Worthington:

Olla. With her father.

Sir Cha. An old officer in the army?

Olla. The same.

Sir Cha. And a stiff maiden aunt?

Olla. Stiff as a ramrod.

Sir Cha. (*singing and danting*) *Tol de rol, lol!*

Olla. Bless me, he is setted with St. Vitus's dance.

Sir Cha. 'Tis she, by Jupiter! my dear Ollapod.
(*embracing him.*)

Olla. Oh, my dear sir Charles. (*returning it.*)

Sir Cha. The very girl who has just slipt through my fingers in London!

Olla. Oho! *

Sir Cha. You can serve me materially, Ollapod. I know your good nature in a case like this, and—

Olla. State the symptoms of the case, sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Oh, common enough :—saw her in London by accident—wheedled the old maiden aunt—kept out of her father's way—followed Emily more than a month without success ; and eight days ago she vanished—there's the outline.

Olla. I see no matrimonial symptoms in your case, sir Charles.

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath, do you think me mad?—But introduce yourself into the family, and pave the way for me. Come, mount your horse ; I'll explain more as you go to the stable ; but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I hear further.

Olla. In a fever ? I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage-wagon.

Sir Cha. (*aside*) So ! a long bill as the price of his politeness.

Olla. You need not bleed ; but you must have medicine.

Sir Cha. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. He, he ! Come, that's very well indeed. Thank you, good sir : I owe you one ! Before dinner, a strong dose of colocynthida, senna, scammony, and gambouge.

Sir Cha. Oh, damn scammony and gambouge !

Olla. At night, a 'narcotick ; next day, saline draughts, camphorated julep, and——

Sir Cha. Zounds, only go and I'll swallow your whole shop.

Olla. Galen forbid ! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish. Then we'll throw in the bark—by-the-bye, talking of bark—sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer bitch——

Sir Cha. Well, well, she is yours.

Olla. My dear sir Charles, such sport next shooting season ! If I had but a double barrell'd gun——

Sir Cha. Take mine that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear sir Charles, here's a morning's work! Senna and coloquintida.

Sir Cha. Well, begone then. (*pushing him off*)

Olla. I'm off—Scammony and gambouge!

Sir Cha. Nay, fly, man!

Olla. I do, sir Charles—A double barrell'd gun—I fly—the bark—I'm going—Juno, the bitch—a narcotick

Sir Cha. Oh, the devil! (*pushing him off*
[*exeunt*])

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. THE OUTSIDE OF FARMER HARROWBY'S HOUSE.

Enter Farmer Harrowby and Corporal Foss, from the house.

Farm. We am not discoursing about your master's bravery, nor his ableness; it be about his goodness, and that like.

Foss. A good officer, do you see, can't help being a kind-hearted man, for one of his foremost duties tells him, to study the comfort of the poor people below him.

Farm. Dang it, that be the duty of our church-wardens; but many poor people do complain of 'em.

Foss. An officer, Mr. Harrowby, isn't a bit like a church-warden—Ship off an officer, we'll say, with his company to a foreign climate—he lands, and endures heat, cold, fatigue, hunger, thirst, sickness—now marching over the burning plain—now up to his knees in wet, in the trench—now, damn it

farmer, how can a man suffer such hardships, with a parcel of honest fellows under his command, and not learn to feel for his fellow creatures?

Farm. Well, and that be true sure; and have your master, lieutenant Worthington, learnt all this?

Foss. His honour was beloved by the whole regiment. When his wife was shot in his arms, as she lay in his tent, there wasn't a dry eye in the corps.

Farm. Shot in his arms! and was she though?

Foss. I never like to think on't because—pshaw—*(wipes his eyes)* I hate to be unsoldier-like: I whimper'd enough about it seventeen years ago.

Farm. Nay, take no shame, Mr. Corporal, take no shame; honest tears upon honest faces, am for all the world like growing showers upon meadows; the wet do raise their value.

Foss. However, he had something left to console him after her death.

Farm. And what were that?

Foss. 'Twas his child. Our Miss Emily was then but three years old, I have heard his honour say: her mother had fled to the abode of peace, and left her innocent in the lap of war.

Farm. Pretty soul; she must ha' been quite scar'd and frighten'd.

Foss. She didn't know her danger. She little thought then, that a chance ball might take her father too, and leave her a helpless orphan, in a strange country.

Farm. And if it had so fell out?

Foss. Why then, perhaps, nothing could have been left her but a poor corporal, to buckle her on his knapsack? but I would have struggled hard with fortune, to rake out a little pittance for the child of a kind master whom I had followed through

mary a campaign, and seen fight his first battles and his last.

Farm. Do give us your hand, Mr. Corporal ; I'll be shot now, if I could see an old soldier travelling by with his knapsack loaded in that manner, and not call him in to cheer the poor soul on his journey.

Foss. I thank you very kindly, Mr. Harrowby ; but Providence ordered things otherwise ; for on the 13th of September, in the year '82, a few months after my poor mistress's death, the bursting of a shell in the garrison crush'd his honour's arm almost to shivers, and I got wounded on the cap of my knee, here ; it disabled us both from ever serving again.

Farm. That turn'd out but a baddish day's work, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. It turn'd out one of the best day's work for an Englishman, that ever was seen, Mr. Harrowby ; for our brave general Elliot gave the Frenchmen and Spaniards as hearty a drubbing, at Gibraltar, as ever they had in their lives. A true soldier, Mr. Harrowby, would part with all his limbs, and his life after them, rather than old England should have lost the glory of that day.

Farm. And how long, now, might you lay in your wounds and torments, Mr. Corporal ?

Foss. 'Twas some time before either of us could be mov'd, and when we could, being unfit for duty any longer, I follow'd his honour, with little Miss Emily, into America, when the war was nearly finished ;—for things are cheap there, Mr. Harrowby, and that best suits a lieutenant's pocket.

Farm. I fear it do indeed, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. But we had a pretty cottage in Canada, on the banks of the river St. Lawrence, shut out from all the world, as I may say.

Farm. Desperate lonesome, sure, for soldiers, who are used to be in a bustle.

Foss. Why we soon grew used to it, Mr. Harrowby, and should never have left it, perhaps, if something hadn't call'd his honour a year ago into England.

Farm. Well, but I must away about the farm, and do tell your master, Mr. Corporal, tell him gently though, for he be a little touchy like, I do see, that if so be, things are cheap in America, they mayn't be found a morsel dearer here, when a wounded English soldier do sit at the door of an English farmer. [*exit.*

Enter Stephen.

Steph. If you are exposed to drill I, a bit, Corporal, now be your time.

Foss. You are back early to-day, my honest lad

Steph. Yes ; I do love to be betimes at parade ; you'll never find I last comer, when men are to be mustarded ; I ha' finished my day's work outright.

Foss. You have lost no time then.

Steph. No,—I ha' lost a cart and horses.

Foss. Lost a cart and horses !

Steph. Ay, as good—for as I was coming back empty handed, wi' our cart, I thought I might as well practise a little as I walk'd by the side on't ;—so I held up my head in the military fashion, you do know, and began a marching, near foot foremost, to the tune of the British grenadjers.

Foss. Well !

Steph. Dang it, while I were carrying my head up as strait as a hop-pole, our leading horse, blind Argus, drags lean Jolly, wi' the cart at his tail, into a slough.

Foss. Zounds, so you plung'd the baggage into a morass !

Steph. I don't know what you call a morass ; but they am sticking up to their necks in the mud, at the bottom of wagon-lodge field.

Foss. Oh, fie ! you shou'd have look'd to them better.

Steph. Look'd to 'em, why how could that possibly be, mun, when you teach'd I to hold up my nose to the clouds, like a pig in the wind.

Ollapod. (*without*) Here, Juno, Juno.—Put my pointer into your stable, my lad ; thank ye, if ever you are ill, I'll physic you for nothing.

Steph. Oh, that be Mr. Ollapod, the potter-carrier.

Enter Ollapod, with a double barrell'd gun.

Olla. Stephen, how's your health ? fine weather for the farmers Corporal, I've heard of you, charming spring for campaigning ; I am cornet Ollapod of the Galen's head, come to pay my respects to your family. Stephen how's your father, and his hogs,—geese,—daughter,—wife,—bullocks,—and so forth.—Are the partridges beginning to lay yet, Stephen ?

Steph. Am you come to shoot the young birds before they am hatch'd wi' that double barrell'd gun, Mr. Ollapod ?

Olla. Come, that's very well, very well indeed for a bumpkin ! thank you good Stephen, I owe you half a one.—My friend, the baronet, would press it upon one ; corporal, I hope your master, lieutenant Worthington's well ; whose acquaintance I covet ; we soldiers mix together as naturally as medicine in a mortar.

Steph. He be only a cornet in the town corpse.

Olla. I wish that lout had a lock'd jaw.—Our association is as fine, and I may say without vanity—will be as healthy a corps, when their spring physic is finish'd, as any regular regiment in England.

Foss. Why, your honour, I have seen a good deal of service in the regular way, and know nothing about associations, but I think an' please your honour, if men take up arms to defend their country, they deserve to be thank'd and respected for it: and it doesn't signify a brass farthing what they are call'd.

Olla. Right, the name's nothing, merit's all; rhubarb is rhubarb, call it what you will. Do you take, good corporal, do you take?

Foss. I never took any in all my life, an' please your honour.

Olla. That's very well, very well indeed. Thank you corporal: I owe you one. Now introduce me to the family

Foss. I can't without orders, and his honour is walk'd out.

Olla. That's right, exercise is conducive to health; I'll walk in.

Foss. Under favour your honour, I stand sentinel here, and I can't let a stranger pass without consulting the garrison; if you'll please to saunter about for half an hour, I shall speak to our ladies, and——

Olla. Well, do so Stephen, come with me about the grounds.

Steph. I don't like to march wi' you, Mr. Ollapod, you are no regular; dang me, if I budge wi' him, corporal, without your word of command.

Foss. Left, face

Olla. But damn it, I am of the cavalry.

Steph. No matter for that, you are upon our ground and unhorsed; now corporal.

Olla. Well, if I must, I—

Foss. March.

Steph. Come potter-carrier, tol de rol.
[exunt Stephen and Ollapod. The Corporal into the house.]

SCENE II. AN APARTMENT IN HARROWBY'S HOUSE,
 A TABLE, WITH A TAMBOUR FRAME, TWO CHAIRS,
 ONE OF THEM AN OLD FASHIONED HIGH CHAIR.

Enter Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, looking over a shabby memorandum-book, and Emily Worthington.

Luc. Miss Emily Worthington, you have worked those flowers most miserably, child.

Emi. Dear, now, I am very sorry for that, I was in hopes that they might have sold for something at London, that I might have surpris'd my father with the money.

Luc. Sold! ah! you have none of the proper pride which my side of the family should have given you. But let me look over my expenses since we have been here, (*reading*) "To one week's washing and darning for the honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, one and seven pence."—By the bye Miss Emily, that sprig of myrtle is thicker than a birch broom, and the white rose, looks just like a powder puff.

Emi. Indeed I copied them from nature, grand aunt.

Luc. Grand aunt! You know I hate that hideous title; but 'tis the fault of your wild American education.

Emi. Nay, there can be no fault in that, for my dear father educated me himself, in our little cottage in Canada.

Luc. He might have taught you then a little more respect for me, who am of the elevated part of the family—"Snuff from the chandler, a halfpenny," (*reading*)—You know, child, I am your relation on your deceased mother's side! and of the noble blood of the Mac Tabs.

Emi. Yes, I know that now ; but my poor mother had no relation on her side, when her father, lord Lofty, abandoned her for marrying.

Luc. My brother, lord Lofty, acted, as became his rank : You will please to recollect, he was one of the oldest barons in Scotland.

Emi. Was he indeed ! and you were only three years after him, grand aunt.

Luc. Miss Emily, your ignorance is greater than ———(rising) I meant his title is one of the most ancient of the barony, and he might well be offended at the marriage of my deceased niece, his daughter ; for you know your father is a mere——but no matter.

Emi. Indeed but it does matter though ! my father is a gentleman by birth, education, and manners : and that is a character as well deserving respect as the proudest peer of the realm.

Luc. And pray, what have I insinuated against your father ? on the contrary, you might remember how handsomely I have offered him my countenance.

Emi. I remember, it was a year ago, that you came and said you would live with us ; when your brother, lord Lofty, died so much in debt, and left you destitute.

Luc. More shame for him ; but didn't I then affectionately fly to your father, and tell him I would allow him the honour to maintain me for the future ; and haven't I, notwithstanding his obscure situation, and narrow finances, kindly liv'd at the Lieutenant's charge, in the most condescending way in the world ?

Emi. Condescending !

Luc. Yes, Miss Emily ; but it seems by forgetting me, you forget yourself.

Emi. No, indeed—I know my situation—I am a poor officer's child, born in the seat of war ———

afterwards in the wilds of America—reared by a kind father, with more cost than his poverty could well bestow. He has dropt in our retreat many and many a tear of affection on me, and as often as I have seen him mourn my mother's loss, I have wondered to think that *his* father in splendour could be so hard-hearted, while mine in poverty was so kind.

Luc. Still on the cruelty of your mother's relations ; but would you be guided by me, Miss Emily, I would make your fortune ; had you follow'd my opinion before we left town, relative to Sir Charles Cropland, as a husband.

Emi. Oh ! pray don't mention his name !

Luc. And why not, Miss Emily ?

Emi. Because I'm sure he's a libertine, the familiar looks he gave me——

Luc. Looks, pshaw ! Sir Charles's are the manners, child, of our young men of high fashion.

Emi. 'Tis a great pity, then our young men of high fashion have so insulting a way of noticing lowly virtue ;—a coxcomb that stares humble modesty out of countenance, must be a very cruel coxcomb, and 'tis a sad thing for the heart to be unfeeling, when the head is empty.

Luc. Ha, another of your Canada crotchets hatch'd on the banks of St. Lawrence, where solitude sits brooding on romance. But will you follow my counsel ?

Emi. In respect to sir Charles Cropland,—no, never,—you receiv'd his visits without *any* father's knowledge ; I would not wed the worthiest man without *his* consent ; and he would not command me to marry the wealthiest, whom I could not esteem.

Luc. Pshaw ! your father's doctrines, child, have made him a beggar.

Emi. (with warmth) A beggar ! no, madam, he is rich enough to shelter you, who asperse him.

Luc. Shelter ! shelter indeed to a Mac Tab, who affords him her countenance ; I shall acquaint your father, Miss Emily, with your rudeness to me.

Emi. Acquaint him with all, madam, tell him when his daughter hears him misrepresented by—tell him—you break my heart madam—tell him what you please.

Enter Corporal Foss.

Foss. I am come, an' please you with intelligence of—what—is my young lady crying ?

Luc. Deliver your message, fellow, and ask no questions.

Foss. An' please your ladyship's honour, when an old soldier sees a woman in distress, 'tis to be hopeful, he may take just half a moment to give her some comfort——Miss Emily. *(goes to her.)*

Luc. Blockhead, what excuse has a soldier for 'lf a moment's delay in his business ?

Foss. The best excuse, an' please you, may be half a moment's charity ; a kind commander is loth to punish a poor fellow for doing what heaven rewards. —What's the matter Miss Emily ?

Emi. 'Tis nothing. Good corporal, lead me to the door of my chamber. *(Corporal is going with her.)*

• *Luc.* You may be taught your duty to me better, sir.

Foss. I humbly beg pardon, but my first duty, in these quarters, is to my master and his child, I know that as a servant ; my second is to a woman in grief, I am sure of that as a man ; my third is to your ladyship's honour, and I'll be back to perform it, in as quick a march as a cripple can make of it. ———Come, Miss Emily, come.

(Exit, leading in Emily.)

Luc. Provoking! a stupid technical—but what can a woman of birth expect, when the ducks waddle into her drawing-room; and her groom of the chambers, is a lame soldier of foot.

Re-enter Foss.

Foss. There is one Mr. Ollapod at the gate, an' please your ladyship's honour.

Luc. Ollapod! what is the gentleman?

Foss. He says he is a cornet in the Galen's head; 'tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

Luc. Ha! some new rais'd regiment—show the gentleman in. [*exit Foss*] The country then has heard of my arrival at last.—A woman of condition and family, can never long conceal her retreat—Ollapod, that sounds like an ancient name—If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter Ollapod.

Olla. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects—sweet spot among the cows—good for consumptions—charming woods hereabouts—pheasants flourish—so do agues—sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company.—Do you take, good madam, do you take?

Luc. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

Olla. Oh, dear madam. (*sitting in the great chair*)—A charming chair to bleed in. (*aside.*)

Luc. I am sorry Mr. Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

Olla. You are a relation of the lieutenant's, madam?

Luc. I—only by marriage, sir, I assure you,—aunt to his deceased wife; but I am not surprised at your question—my friends in town, would wonder to see the honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab

sister to the late lord Lofly, cooped up in a farmhouse.

Olla. (*aside*) The Honourable, humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay—the sister of a dead peer—in a pig's sty.

Luc. You are of the military, I am inform'd, sir.

Olla. He, he! yes madam, cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop, ready to give the enemy a dose, whenever they dare to attack us.

Luc. I was always prodigiously partial to the military—my great grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofly, commanded a troop of horse, under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

Olla. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam, and liv'd at Woodstock, a sweet sporting country, where Rosamond perish'd by poison; arsenic, as likely as any thing.

Luc. And have you served much, Mr. Ollapod?

Olla. He, he!—yes, madam; serv'd all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

Luc. Sir?

Olla. And shall be happy to serve the good Lieutenant and his family.

(*bowing.*)

Luc. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir; a gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sleepish 'squire has the air of an apothecary.

Olla. Madam, an apoth—zounds—hem—he, he, I—you must know, I—I deal a little in Galenicals, myself.

Luc. Galenicals—oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

Olla. Operations! he, he—come, that's very well, very well indeed; thank you, good madam, I owe you one: Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

Luc. Medicines!

Olla. Yes; physic! buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

Luc. (*rising*) Why, then, you're an apothecary.

Olla. (*rising and bowing*) And man-midwife, at your service.

Luc. At my service indeed!

Olla. Yes, madam; Cornet Ollapod, at the Gilt Galen's Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry, as ready for the foe as the customer; always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam, do you take?

Luc. And has the honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

Olla. Drugs! damme she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them. No man more respected than myself, madam: courted by the corps, idolized by invalids, and for a shot, ask my friend, sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. Is sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

Olla. Intimate. *He* doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do madam. This village flanks the entrenchments of his park; full of fine fat venison, which is as light a food for digestion, as—

Luc. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

Olla. He quarters there, at this moment.

Luc. Bless me! Has sir Charles then—

Olla. Told me all. Your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the Lieutenant was out.

Luc. Oh! shocking! I declare I shall faint.

Olla. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room; I can bring you about in a twinkling.

Luc. And what has sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

Olla. Oh, nothing derogatory; respectful as a duck-legg'd drummer to a commander in-chief.

Luc. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mac Tab.

Olla. None dare to doubt it.

Luc. And if sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea, with myself, and Emily, in London, when the Lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

Olla. Nor I either; except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point: the baronet's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here—"Ollapod," says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever, "Ollapod," says he, "you are a military man, and may be trusted." "I'm a cornet," says I, "and close as a pill-box." "Fly then to Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, that honourable picture of prudence."

Luc. Did Sir Charles say that?

Olla. How these tabies love to be toaded. (*aside.*

Luc. In short, sir Charles, I perceive has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me, when he may have an interview.

Olla. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the ~~truth~~ I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily, by the Old Elms, at the back of the village, this evening.

Luc. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

Olla. Take steps! what in a walk? come, that's very well, very well, indeed. Thank you, good madam, I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Olla-

pod on all occasions, and whatever the gait Galen's Head can produce

Luc. (courtseying) Oh, sir. "

Olla. By the bye, I have some double distill'd lavender water, much esteemed in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle by way of present.

Luc. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

Olla. Quite the contrary, for I'll set it down to sir Charles as a quart. (*aside*) Madam, your slave, you have prescribed for our patient, like an able physician. Not a step.

Luc. Nay, I insist.

Olla. Then I must follow in the rear; the physician always before the apothecary

Luc. Apothecary, sir! In this business I look on you as a general officer.

Olla. Do you? Thank you, good madam, I owe you one. [*exennt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I. AN APARTMENT IN SIR ROBERT
BRAMBLE'S HOUSE.

Enter sir Robert Bramble, and Humphrey Dobbins

Sir Rob. I tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins, there isn't a syllable of sense in all you have been saying. But I suppose you will maintain that there is?

Hum. Yes.

Sir Rob. Yes! Is that the way you talk to me, you old boar? What's my name?

Hum. Robert Bramble.

Sir Rob. A'nt I a Baronet? sir Robert Bramble, of Blackbury Hall, in the county of Kent? 'Tis time you should know it, for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet-de-chambre these thirty years: can you deny that?

Hum. Umph!

Sir Rob. Umph! What the devil do you mean by Umph? Open that rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

Hum. Because, if I contradict you there, I should tell a lie, and whenever I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir Rob. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavouring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off it before I carry my point.

Hum. What then? Our parson says my head is an emblem of both our honours.

Sir Rob. Aye; because honours, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Hum. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on t'other.

Sir Rob. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest as a—pshaw! the parson means to palaver us: but to return to my position, I tell you I don't like your flat contradiction.

Hum. Yes, you do.

Sir Rob. I tell you I don't; I only love to hear men's arguments, I hate their flummery.

Hum. What do you call flummery?

Sir Rob. Flattery, blockhead! a dish too often served up; by paltry poor men, to paltry rich ones.

Hum. I never serve it up to you.

Sir Rob. No ; I'll be sworn you give me a dish of a different description.

Hum. Umph ! What is it ?

Sir Rob. Sour crout, you old crab.

Hum. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir Rob. And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now, mind, when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him : now, I am rich, and hate flattery.—*Ergo.* When a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Hum. That's wrong.

Sir Rob. Very well—*Negatur.* Now prove it.

Hum. Put the case then :—I am a poor man—

Sir Rob. You lie, you scoundrel ; you know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

Hum. Bless you !

Sir Rob. Pshaw !—Proceed.

Hum. Well, then, I am a poor—I must be a poor man now, or I shall never get on.

Sir Rob. Well, get on. Be a poor man.

Hum. I am a poor man and I argue with you, and convince you, you are wrong ; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion ! Now, that's no flattery.

Sir Rob. Why, no ; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to conversation ; so I hate him for that—But where's my nephew, Frederick ?

Hum. Been out these two hours.

Sir Rob. An undutiful cub ! Only arrived from Russia last night, and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's scampering over the fields like a Calmuc Tartar.

Hum. He's a fine fellow.

Sir Rob. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he's a little like me, Humphrey?

Hum. Bless you. not a bit: you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapt my eyes on.

Sir Rob. Now that's damn'd impudent; but there's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument: his father, my brother, Job, is of as tame a spirit—Humphrey, you remember my brother, Job?

Hum. Yes; you drove him to Russia five and twenty years ago.

Sir Rob. I drove him! (angrily.)

Hum. Yes, you did. You would never let him be at peace in the way of argument.

Sir Rob. At peace! zounds! he would never go to war.

Hum. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir Rob. So has a duck-pond: he was a bit of still life—a chip—weak water gruel—a tame rabbit, boiled to rags, without sauce or salt. He received men's arguments with his mouth open, like a poor box gaping for halfpence, and good or bad he swallowed them all without any resistance; we couldn't disagree, and so we parted.

Hum. And the poor, meek gentleman, went to for a quiet life.

Sir Rob. A quiet life! why he married the moment he got there, tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant, and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, pot-ashes, tallow, linen, and leather; And what's the consequence? thirteen months ago he broke.

Hum. Poor soul! his wife should have followed the business for him.

Sir Rob. I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as it went to the devil; and now this madcap,

Fredrick, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job! now he's in distress, I mustn't neglect his son.

(Fredrick is heard without.)

Hum. Here comes his son; that's Mr. Frederick.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Oh, my dear uncle, good morning! Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir Rob. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fred. Egad! so you did; I had as entirely forgot it, —

Sir Rob. And pray what made you forget it?

Fred. The sun.

Sir Rob. The sun! He's mad!—You mean the moon, I believe?

Fred. Oh, my dear uncle, you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a fellow just arrived from Russia. The day look'd bright; trees budding; birds singing; the park was gay; so, egad, I took a hop, step, and a jump, out of your old balcony, made your deer fly before me like the wind, and chased them all round the park, to get an appetite, while you were snoring in bed, uncle.

Sir Rob. Oh! so the effect of English sunshine upon a Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer.

Fred. I confess it had that influence upon me.

Sir Rob. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle; unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred. Sir, I hate fat legacies.

Sir Rob. Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens of kindness, at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle: they are posthumous despatches affection sends to gratitude. So inform us we have lost a generous friend.

Sir Rob. How charmingly the dog argues !

Fred. But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future ; for they tell me, you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman

Sir Rob. Now, who had the familiar impudence to tell you that ?

Fred. Old rusty, there.

Sir Rob. Why, Humphrey, you didn't ?

Hum. Yes, but I did, though.

Fred. Yes, he did ; and on that score I shall be anxious to show you obedience ; for 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle : a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket

Sir Rob. (*embracing him*) Jump out of every window I have in my house, hunt my deer in high fevers, my fine fellow ; ay, damn it ! this is spunk, and plain speaking. Give me a man who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth.

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Hum. So do I.

Fred. You, you forward puppy ! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir Rob. I'll knock you down if you do. I won't have my servants thumt into dumb flattery, I won't let you teach 'em to make silence a toad-cater.

Hum. Come, you're ruffled ; let's go to the business of the morning.

Sir Rob. Damn the business of the morning ! Don't you see we are engag'd in discussion ? I hate the business of the morning.

Hum. No, you don't.

Sir Rob. And why not !

Hum. Because it's charity.

Sir Rob. Pshaw ! damn it. Well, we must not neglect the business : if there be any distresses in the parish, read the morning's list, Humphrey.

Hum. (reading) Jonathan Haggens, of Muck Mead, is put into prison.

Sir Rob. Why, it was but last week, Gripe, the attorney, received two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Hum. And charg'd a hundred and ten for his trouble ; so seiz'd the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan in jail for the remainder.

Sir Rob. A harpy ! I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred. And I must kick his attorney.

Hum. The curate's horse is dead.

Sir Rob. Pshaw ! there's no distress in that.

Hum. Yes, there is, to a man that must go twenty miles every Sunday, to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir Rob. Why won't Punmonk the vicar, give him another nag ?

Hum. Because 'tis cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

Sir Rob. What's the name of the black ~~and~~ ^{curate} chased last Tuesday at Tunbridge.

Hum. Belzebub.

Sir Rob. Send Belzebub to the curate, and tell him to work him as long as he lives.

Fred. And if you have a tumble-down ^{car}, send him to the vicar, and give him a chance of breaking his neck.

Sir Rob. What else ?

Hum. Somewhat out of the common——There's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer, and

a widower, come to lodge at farmer Harrowby's, in the village ; he's plaguy poor, indeed, it seems ; but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Fred. That sounds like a noble character.

Sir Rob. And so he sends to me for assistance.

Hum. He'd see you hang'd first ; Harrowby says, he'd sooner die than ask any man for a shilling !—there's his daughter, and his dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal that has serv'd in the wars with him.—He keeps them all upon half-pay.

Sir Rob. Starves them all, I'm afraid, Humphrey !

Fred. (going) Uncle, good morning.

Sir Rob. Where the devil art you running now ?

Fred. To talk to lieutenant Worthington.

Sir Rob. And what may you be going to say to him ?

Fred. I can't tell 'till I encounter him, and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honourable indigence ; impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments. (hurrying away.)

Sir Rob. Stop you rogue, I must be before you in his business.

Fred. That depends upon who can run fastest ; to start fair, uncle, and here goes. (runs off.)

Sir Rob. Stop ; why Frederick—a jackanapes—to take my department out of my hands. I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance.

Hum. No, you won't.

Sir Rob. Won't I, damme, if I—but we'll argue that point as we go—come along Humphrey.

- [exeunt.]

SCENE II. THE FRONT OF HARROWBY'S HOUSE.

Corporal Foss crosses,—Stephen following.

Steph. (calling) Hollo—I say, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. Oh, master Stephen, is it you?

Steph. What do you think I ha' been abo'ut.

Foss. Getting the cart and horses out of the mud, I suppose.

Steph. No feyther's head man be gone to dextricate the cattle! but you was telling I t'other day you do know, about a springing up of a mine, which is done by a man they do call a pic or an ear.

Foss. A pioneer, is our name for it, my honest lad: if we could get but a little spot of ground, now, with a bit of a good for nothing building upon it.

Steph. I ha' found out just such a place, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. Then I'll show you the whole process.

Steph. I ha' done the whole progress myself.

Foss. Have you?

Steph. You do know feyther's pig sty.

Foss. Yes, it stands on the edge of the dry ditch at the back of the house.

Steph. That where it did use to stand, sure enough! but I ha' blow'd it up wi' gunpowder.

Foss. The devil, you have! and how?

Steph. All according to rule, mun, just as you laid down; I bored a hole under the ditch, wi' the peel of our ovan, and then, I laid in my combustibles.

Foss. Well!

Steph. Why, I clapt the kitchen poker to 'em red hot, and it all went up wi' a desperate, complosion, just as you destroy'd that outlandish buttery.

Foss. Bless me, Master Stephen, then you have

ruin'd the town ■ cold blood, and kill'd all the inhabitants.

Steph. No, the inhabitants are lying in the ditch, —as pert as daisies, only the little pigs are singed quite bald, and the old white sow be as black as the devil.

Enter Mary.

Mary. Brother Stephen, come here, brother Stephen, seyther do vow vengeance again ye, if you do go on o' this fashion, what will the neighbours call ye, Stephen?

Steph. Call me! why, a perspiring young hero, of five feet six inches, willing to mortalize himself, in the field of March.

Worthington crosses and goes into the house.

Foss. There, his honour is come home; I must go in for orders.

Mary. Oh, Mr. Corporal, Joe Shambles, the butcher's boy, ha' brought this from our town, for your master. *(giving a letter.*

Foss. One letter. Is this all he left for us, my pretty maid?

Mary. No; he left a leg of mutton.

Foss. Oh! — *(goes into the house.*

Steph. How stately Mr. Corporal do march; surely he be as upright as our gander. Come, Mary, afore seyther do come home, let you and I go and wash the gunpowder pigs.

Mary. How, Stephen?

Steph. We'll go to the dairy, and chuck them into the milk pails.

Harrowby (without) Stephen!

Steph. Wauns, ther e be seyther! — run, Mary, run! *(they run off.*

SCENE III. THE PARLOUR IN HAKROWBY'S HOUSE.

Worthington and the Corporal discovered.

Worth Where are the ladies, Corporal?

Foss. They are gone out to take a walk, an' please your honour

Worth. Oh! (*sitting down*) Mine has somewhat fatigued me.

Foss. Under favour, I think your honour takes too much exercise; it always brings on the torment in your wound again.

Worth. You bustle about for me more than I could wish, Corporal; you got your wound in 'an ugly place, you know.

Foss. I got it at Gibraltar, the same ugly place with your honour; that cursed shell struck us both together.

Worth. I remember it did, Corporal. (*sighing.*

Foss. And when I lay on the ground, and your honour's left arm was so terribly wounded, you stretch'd out your right to help me.

Worth. I don't remember that, Corporal.

Foss. (*warmly*) Don't you? But I do, tho'; and I wish I may be damn'd if ever I forget it.

Worth. Well, well, do not let us swear about ~~the~~ Corporal.

Foss. I hate swearing, your honour, as much as our chaplin lov'd b'fandy; but when a man's heart's too full, I fancy, somehow, there's an oath at the top on't, and when that pops out he's easy. Ah! we had warm work that day, your honour.

Worth. We had indeed, corporal.

Foss. There was Crillon's batteries, and 4000 men behind us at land!

Worth. Moreno, with his fleet before us, at sea!

Foss. At ten in the morning, the Spanish admiral began his cannonade.

Worth. Our battery from the King's Bastion open'd immediately !

Foss. Red hot shot poured from the garrison !

Worth. Cannons war !

Foss. Mortars and howitzers !

Worth. The enemy's shipping in flames !

Foss. Fire again !

Worth. They burn !

Foss. They blow up !

Worth. They sink !

Foss. Victory—Old England and Ireland for ever, your honour !

Worth. Aye, Corporal, against the world in arms—Old England and Ireland for ever.—Huzza !

Both. Huzza !

Foss. (after a pause, gravely) We have no limbs to help our country now ; we shall never fight for Old England again, your honour.

Worth. No, Corporal, 'tis impossible !

Foss. But our hearts are for our country still ; tho' your honour has only half-pay, and I am but an out-pensioner of Chelsea.

Worth. We have no right to complain, Corporal ; ~~no~~ bounty beyond its limits, would be national waste ; and 'tis impossible to provide sumptuously for all.

Foss. That's true, your honour, every hero that loses his life in the field, must not expect a marble monument.

Worth. 'Tis of little import, Corporal ; a gallant soldier's memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier bound upon his grave, the tears of his country will moisten it, and vigorous laurels sprout among the cypress that shadows his remains. But

'tis a bitter thought, when we must depart, to leave unprotected the few who are joined with us in the ties of affliction, and the bonds of nature.

Foss. Your honour is joined in no bond with any body but Mr. Burford, for £500.

Worth. (*smiling*) I didn't mean that Corporal, there however, I am easy, my friend has strict honour; and, should he die, the regular insurance of his life secures me from injury in lending him my name. But 'tis strange I have not heard from him.

Foss. I had forgot—Here is a letter just brought for your honour; shall I break the seal?

Worth. Aye do, Corporal. (*Foss breaks the seal opens and gives the letter*) Let me see—"Tunbridge"—'tis written in the neighbouring town; who should know me there? (*reads*) "Sir, I am instructed by Mr. Ferret, Solicitor, of London, to inform you, that Mr. Burford died on the 26th ultimo, on his way to the Insurance Office, whereby the policy, which had expired the day before, is become void, and the bond and warrant of attorney, for £500, remains in force against you: if the money be not paid forthwith, I shall enter upon judgment instantly for the recovery of the same."—My child! my child!

Foss. Your honour.

Worth. Ruined past hope.

Foss. (*stepping up to him*) Don't say that, your honour, for while your half-pay continues—

Worth. My creditor will grasp all—my person seized, and my poor child destitute.

Foss. Destitute! what, my young mistress? and you—and—don't give way to grief, your honour; I am lame to be sure, but I am fit for labour still. There's my little pension too from Chelsea. Things may come about, and till they do, you and my young mistress shall never know want, while the old Cor-

SCENE III. POOR GENTLEMAN.

porai has a Nap left to work, or a penny in his pocket.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Yes; this is he, zounds! Sir, I am quite out of breath—Sir, I am come to—whew!—I beg pardon; but, as you perceive, I am devilishly blown.

Worth. Leave us, Corporal. [*exit Foss*] At your leisure, sir, I shall be glad to know whom I have the honour of addressing.

Fred. I am Frederick Bramble, sir; my uncle, sir Robert Bramble, lives at the foot of this infernal hill. He fixed his house there I fancy for the sake of argument, because most men maintain it is bad to build in a bottom. He is as charitable as a Christian, sir, and as rich as a Jew.

Worth. I give you joy of a relation, sir, who has so much virtue with so much wealth. When fortune enriches the benevolent, the goddess removes the bandage from her brow, that she may bestow a gift with her eyes open. But as I am a stranger here, and a recluse, I have no right to enter further into your uncle's character.

Fred. Yet he has just now, sir, taken a right to enter into yours.

Worth. May he not have taken a liberty, sir?

Fred. 'Tis his duty to be the most inquisitive fellow in the neighbourhood.

Worth. 'Tis a strange duty for a gentleman.

Fred. I hope not in this country, sir; If a gentleman be in the commission of the peace, and living on his own estate, he should be anxious I think to inquire into the conduct of those around him, that he may distribute justice as a magistrate, and kindness as a man.

Worth. But how can your uncle's principle ap-

ply to me, sir, a secluded sojourner, with a small family, lodging with one of his tenants.³

Fred. Why, sir, he has heard of the—hem—that is, I mean, the—peculiarity of your situation.

Worth. (*haughtily*) Sir!

Fred. I shall make a bungling business of this, after all. I say, sir, that my uncle, as I told you, is a warm old heart, who busies himself in learning the circumstances of every body about him, and—

Worth. The circumstances!

Fred. Yes; and so Humphrey Dobbins, a stupid old servant, among other intelligence this morning happened to—to mention you—and—damn it, sir, the truth is truth—I came here to prevent my uncle's offering his assistance too bluntly, and I fear I have done it too bluntly myself.

Worth. It would be absurd, sir, to affect blindness to the motives of your visit; I see them clearly, and I thank you cordially; you have touched the heart of a veteran soldier, but go no further; if you proceed you will wound the dignity of a gentleman.

Fred. I came here to heal wounds, by my soul I did; 'tis not in my nature to inflict them. I am new in England, ignorant of the manners of the country, for I arrived here last night from Russia, where I was born; but surely, surely it cannot be offensive in any part of the globe, to tell the afflicted we feel for them. Pray give me your hand.

Worth. Take it, sir, take it; receive the grasp of gratitude and be gone.

Fred. Not till you first permit me to—

Worth. I can accept no favours of the nature you offer, where I have no claim; and what claim can I have upon your attentions?

Fred. The claim each man has upon his fellow:—We are all passengers on life's high way, and when

a traveller sticks in the mire on the road, the next that comes by is a brute who don't stretch out a hand to extricate him.

Worth. That may hold among the courtesies of life, but I do not admit it as an argument in essentials.

Fred. Then I wish my uncle were here with all my heart, sir, he'd argue this point with you or any other to all eternity.

Worth. I want no arguments upon points of honour; the offspring of honesty dictates for itself.

Fred. Sir, I respect it for its parent's sake, though the child is a little maddish; for honour is sometimes cutting throats, where honesty should be shaking hands; but let me entreat you to relax, to be persuaded—Come my dear sir, true honour, I trust, can never have reason to blush because honesty is assisted.

Worth. (after a pause) You have burst upon me at a critical, a trying moment; I have a family—a beloved child, from whom I may be shortly torn without the means of—no matter; even the griefs that inwardly wring me, would not force me to unbend, were there not a native ingenuousness in your manner which wins me: to you then, to an utter stranger, whose sympathy comes o'er a rugged soldier's nature, as pictured love bestrides the lion; to you, sir, I will owe a temporary obligation.

Fred. Will you? then you have made me the happiest dog that—(feeling his pockets)—Eh—no—zounds!—I mean, sir, you have made me look like the silliest dog in the world.

Worth. What do you mean?

Fred. In my haste to do service I, never once recollected I want the means; my heart was so full I quite forgot that my pockets were empty.

Worth. I cannot think you come here to insult me!

Fred. Insult! oh my dear sir, you do not know me, you may soon; I left a father in embarrassments in Russia. I have landed here dependant on an uncle's bounty, and paid my last shilling yesterday to the coachman who set me down at his gate: but my relation is as generous as a prince—he will, I am sure, give me a supply, and then—

Worth. And then I would not for the world draw upon your little store; you have a superior call it seems upon you—a parent in distress.

Fred. My father's involvements, no doubt, will be his brother's care; and if—

Worth. No more, no more; I see the workings of your heart; farewell, you have sensibly affected me, and I must leave you: repine not that your will to do good actions outruns your power. Had the widow been without her mite, and simply dropt a tear for poverty on the moist shrine of compassion, it would have secured to her a page in heaven's register. [exit.]

Fred. Now this is all very pretty rhodomontade; and I'll go directly and argue that it is so with my uncle for the good of this bluff veteran. A widow's weeping for distress may water the road pleasantly enough for herself to paradise, but if she could shed peck loaves instead of tears, it would be twenty times better for the poor's box. [exit.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I. A WOOD, SKIRTING A VILLAGE.

Enter Sir Charles Cropland and Ollapod.

Sir Cha. I am chilly as a bottle of port in a hard

first. This is your English spring, that our shivering poets celebrate by a fire side, if they can get one, and sing of basking shepherds, making love in the sun. I am as amorous as an Arcadian; but it's curs'd cold in Kent for all that. Are you sure these women will come, Ollapod?

Olla. Sure as death, as I tell my patients.

Sir Cha. They find that, sure enough.

Olla. He, he, he, yes, sir Charles, I never deceive them. Call'd in last week to captain Custard of our corps, who was shovell'd off by a surfeit; dearest friend, says I, looking in his fat face, be firm; candour compels me to say now I'm come, you can't live. He didn't.—You shall be buried with military honours. He was. Attended him from beginning to end.—Doctor and mourner.—Bed and grave—physic'd him first—shot over him afterwards—poor fellow—a good officer—an excellent pastry cook—a prodigious eater—and profitable patient.

Sir Cha. Damn captain Custard—I'm thinking of a fine girl, and you are panegyrising a dead pastry cook. These women will disappoint us at last.

Olla. Then there is no honour in the honourable Miss Mac Tab.

Sir Cha. You didn't see Emily?

Olla. No.

Sir Cha. Pshaw, all is uncertainty; I shall lose the golden fruit at last.

Olla. Damn'd hard, after I have given the dragon a dose. Do you take, good sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. I wish the dragon had wings then, to move a little faster; this sharp north easterly wind will prevent their walking.

Olla. I hope not, sir Charles, for they'll get a curs'd cold, and want an apothecary.

Sir Cha. Stay, I think I see a petticoat

Olla. Mark, 'tis an old bird, the honourable Miss Mac Tab, in a jog trot.

Sir Cha. And Emily with her, by all that's beautiful.

Olla. Yes, that's she, as fine a woman as ever smelt sal volatile; there's the game, sir Charles, you've nothing to do but kill.

Sir Cha. Step aside, or our meeting will be too abrupt—we must kill by rule, here, Ollapod.

Olla. Kill by rule! with all my heart, 'tis a method I've long been used to. *(they retire.)*

Enter Lucretia and Emily.

Luc. Cold, ridiculous! females of fashion, Miss Emily, never complain of cold.

Emi. I didn't know it was the fashion to be miserable, grand aunt.

Luc. To the seasons it is, an English gentlewoman of the year 1800, emulates an English oak, which is hardy as well as elegant, and beautiful in the depth of December.

Emi. Dear, that's a charming park yonder! who can it belong to?

Luc. Sir Charles Cropland.

Emi. Sir Charles Cropland! pray let us go home again.

Luc. Does a fine country frighten you, Miss Emily?

Emi. It used to in Canada.

Luc. For what reason, pray?

Emi. Because a brute sometimes inhabits it.

Luc. Ridiculous! should we happen to meet Sir Charles, I beg that——

Emi. What, is he here then?

Luc. So Mr. Ollapod informs me.

Emi. And who is he?

Luc. The apothecary—the officer who visited

Emi. We shall have no more walks without my father, madam.

Luc. Oh, as you please, but—ch, I declare, here they both come! 'tis impossible to avoid them now.

Egi. Bless me—this is very strange—

(Sir Charles Cropland and Ollapod appear at the back of the stage.)

Sir Cha. Engage the old tabby in talk, and move off with her, if you can.

Olla. Mum—I'll bother her. *(they come forward.)*

Sir Cha. Ladies I rejoice to see you; to meet you in this part of the world, is indeed an unexpected pleasure.

Luc. We are come here you see to rusticate, sir Charles, as my poor dear brother lord Lofty used to say—been vegetating here for a week, at a wretched farm-house.—But air is the grand article with me.

Sir Cha. And what is your grand object in the country, Miss Worthington?

Emi. To be alone, sir.

Sir Cha. Humph!—a strange propensity—permit me to say, for one so young and beautiful.

Emi. I learnt it from my father, sir, we neither of us like intruders.

Olla. That's a damn'd douse in the blubber chops of my friend the baronet. I must talk to the old one—hem—rural walks here ma'am—all green and twisting like a snake in a bottle of spirits—wood-pigeons in plenty;—hear 'em cooing—pop 'em down here by dozens.

(sir Charles talks apart to Emily.)

Luc. They are pleasing birds enough, in a grove, sir.

Olla. Yes, and pretty picking in a pie, ma'am

(*Looking towards sir Charles and Emily*) Yes, yes, he's beginning—must have Miss Mac Tab off soon;—(*aside*)—Fond of views, ma'am; hill, and dale, steeples, rivers, tufts of trees, and the like.

Luc. I admire a rich landscape, sir. When my brother, the baron, was planting clumps round Rickety Castle—I used to say, he was placing beauty-spots on the face of nature.

Olla. Did you? come that's very well, very well, indeed. Thank you good madam, I owe you one. Pretty sporting country to the right.—(*she turns towards sir Charles and Emily*)—That's to the left, madam.

Luc. Bless me, this is a very rude man.—Do you know, sir Charles, that Emily has lost your beautiful little present?

Sir Cha. What the terrier puppy from Leicester-shire?

Luc. Gone—tho' he was in the apartments, when you last did us the honour of a call.

Sir Cha. Unkind to set so little store by my present, Miss Worthington; and when did you observe the puppy was gone?

Emi. The very moment you left the room, sir.

Olla. Humph!—that's another douse for the baronet.—I must get the old woman away—(*pulls her by the elbow*)—Madam!

Luc. Lud, sir!—(*frumpishly*.)

Olla. Condescend to cast your honourable eye over that hillock—the little lump to the left, there—round and black like a bolus—from that point, you see three capital counties at once.

Luc. I can't say that I perceive—

Olla. ~~Oh~~—here Kent, fertile in pheasants, cherries, ~~hens~~ peomen, codlings and cricketers.—On one ~~side~~ Sussex—I wish you were there with all my heart.
(*aside.*)

Luc. In what beauties does that abound, sir?

Olla. In mutton and dumplings;—and there's Surry—sweet Surry!

Luc. For what may that be famous?

Olla. Nothing that I know of, except my cousin Crushjaw, of Case-Horton; who lugs out a stump with perfect pleasure to the patient.

(during the above, Lucretia is continually endeavouring to turn towards sir Charles and Emily, and Ollapod constantly prevents her.)

Luc. I protest I see nothing before me but a barn.

Olla. That's reckon'd the only eye-sore in the view; for it totally blocks out the prospect—fifty yards further we may see all—a little swampy here to be sure—better for snipe shooting—permit me to touch the tip of your honourable little finger, and pass you over the puddles.

Luc. Bless me? I never can get over that stile.

Olla. A little gummy in the legs, I suppose. *(aside)* It's the easiest in England, upon the honour of a cornet. If an ancle's expos'd, I'll forfeit all the physic in my shop. This way. *(taking her hand)* Step out, there ma'am. Curse 'em—the cows have been here. This way. *[exit, hurrying her off.]*

Emi. Goae! permit me to follow my relation, sir.

Sir Cha. Stay, my dear Miss Worthington; I have something of the utmost consequence to say to you.

Emi. Speak it quickly, then, sir.

Sir Cha. Your father does not abound in riches, I take it.

Emi. That is of no consequence to me, sir, if he can be happy.

Sir Cha. Now I am very rich, as men of fashion go, for my estate is not yet dipped above three parts of its value.

Emi. That can be of no consequence to me at all, sir.

Sir Cha. Pardon me, for I have to propose to you—

Emi. What, sir?

Sir Cha. Your own house in town, the run of my estate in the country, your own chariot, two footmen, and six hundred a year; but you must allow me a little time to myself, a little play at Miles's, a little sport at Newmarket, a little hunting in Leicestershire; and thus apart, you'll find me the most domestic man in the world.

Emi. I fancy I comprehend the nature of your jargon, sir.

Sir Cha. Jargon! It's a language perfectly understood by all us young fellows, in the circle of St. James's. 'Tis the way of the world, my dear little simplicity.

Emi. Oh, how base must be the world then, when it makes simplicity its victim! I have been bred in wilds; but the sweet breath of nature has inspired my soul with reason, common to every human bosom, as the wintry blasts that roared above on the mountains. What does that reason tell me, sir? that vice is vice, however society may polish it; that seduction is still seduction, however fashion may sanction it; that intellect, speaking through simplicity like mine, has the force of virtue to strengthen it, while worldly sophistry must shrink from native truth, when it proclaims, that he who could break a father's heart, by heaping splendid infamy upon his child, is a villain. Let me pass you, sir.

Enter Frederick, at the back of the stage.

Fred. I have lost my way, and my uncle—and—
oh—who have we here?

Sir Cha. (detaining Emily) Up to my soul, you must not go.

Emi. How! sir.

Sir Cha. Look you, my dear Emily, I am advanced too far in the game to recede. If you are not mine by entreaty, there are four spanking grays, ready harness'd in Cropland Park, here, that shall whisk you to town in a minute.

Emi. You dare not! sure.

Sir Cha. Nay, faith, I dare any thing now, for the prize is in my reach, and I will clasp it, though your heart were colder to me, than the snows of Russia *(he thus towards her—she screams—Frederick advances between Emily and sir Charles)*

Fred. I bring news from that country, sir, I arrived last night.

Sir Cha. Then, sir, you arrived damn'd *mal-apropos*. What are you?

Fred. A man! so am bound to protect females from brutality: you, it seems, assault them. Pray, sir, what are you?

Sir Cha. A person of some figure here, sir; you may not know. perhaps the consequence of insulting one of that description, in this country.

Fred. Not I, faith; but I know the consequence of his persisting to persecute a woman in my presence.

Sir Cha. What may that be?

Fred. I'll knock him down!

Sir Cha. You will please to recollect, sir, I am a gentleman.

Fred. I can't for the soul of me. I can never recollect any man is a gentleman, when I find him forgetting it himself.

Sir Cha. Can you fight, sir?

Fred. Like a game cock, sir. Try me.

Sir Cha. What's your weapon, sir?

Fred. The knout.

Sir Cha. What the devil's that?

Fred. A Russian cat-of-nine-tails, to chastise a criminal; and I know no criminal who more richly deserves it, than he who degrades manhood by offering violence to the amiable sex, which nature formed him to defend. Fear not, madam.

Sir Cha. We must meet again, my hot spark.

Fred. I am happy to hear it; it implies you are going now.

Sir Cha. Hark ye, sir, I am ~~at the~~ Charles Cropland; yonder is my park.

Fred. With four spanking grays in it; I heard you say so.

Sir Cha. There is very retired shooting in some parts of it, sir. Your name.

Fred. Frederick Bramble, nephew to your neighbour, sir Robert; you'll find me ready to take a morning's sport with you.

Sir Cha. You shall hear from me.——This is a cursed business; but it will keep up the noise of my name at the clubs; and the duel of a dashing baronet furnishes food for the newspapers. [*exit.*]

Fred. Victory, madam; the enemy is fled, and virtue triumphs in the field. Ha! you look pale.

Emi. I have been sadly flurried. (*much agitated.*)

Fred. 'Sdeath! She is near fainting. Let me support you madam. (*she appears sinking; he catches her*) Zounds, how beautiful she looks! Tears! now could I give the world to kiss them off, and then kick the scoundrel that caused them.

Emi. (*recovering*) I know not how to thank you, sir.

Fred. I am glad of it, ma'am. I never like to be thanked for merely doing my duty.

Emi. I fear, sir, that—I mean—I hope that—I—
I hope, sir, that you will not be exposed to further
danger on my account.

Fred. I am not used to think of danger, madam,
on any account; but something tells me, I should
glory in any that I risk for you—but what that some-
thing is, curse me if I can define; but I never felt so
disposed to run a man through the guts in my life.
(aside) Whither shall I have the honour of attending
you safe home, madam?

Emi. I have a relation, sir, a female relation,
who has been walking with me; she is now, I fancy,
in the next field, and she will—

Fred. What, an elderly lady, who I observed just
now as I passed, with an officer—?

Emi. Ay, that officer—

Fred. Who is he, pray?

Emi. A wicked accessory, I am convinced, of
sir Charles Cropland.

Fred. Is he? I see him coming; buzza! I'll blow
him to the devil, if he were a generalissimo.

Emi. For heaven's sake, sir—you make me trem-
ble.

Fred. Tremble! I wouldn't give you pain for
worlds. I'll be calm with him on your account, I
will. I'll assist him with all the civility imaginable.

Enter Ollapod, hastily.

Olla. The honourable Miss Mac Tab has tumbled
up to her middle in the mud. Bless me, is sir
Charles gone?

Fred. You are sir Charles's friend, it seems, sir.

Olla. I have the honour to be close in his confi-
dence.

And assist him upon all honourable occa-

.. You are an officer, I perceive.

Olla. He, he, he! Yes, sir; cornet in our volun-

teer corps of cavalry ; as respectable a body, as any regulars in Christendom

Fred. I don't doubt it at all. To stand forward at home, and keep off invaders from the shores of our country, is as honourable and praise-worthy, as marching to attack its enemies abroad — Pray don't be alarmed ; you see I'm civil. (*aside to Emily.*

Olla. A pretty spoken young man. I'll encourage him. Come, that's very well—very well indeed. Than' you good sir ; I owe you one.

Fred. But some morbid parts may be found, I fancy, in the wholesomest bodies

Olla. Decidedly. Like a chubby child in high health, with a whitloe.

Fred. Just such a whitloe I take you to be.

Olla. Me!

Fred. Exactly : and 'tis that uniform alone, as I respect any symbol of loyalty and patriotism, that prevents my cropping your ears as your jacket.—Don't be uneasy ; you see I am civil. (*to Emily.*

Olla. Crop ! Zounds ! what do you mean ?

Fred. Can't you take my meaning in your own way ?

Olla. Why, sir ! I engage to kill the enemies of my country in the way of war. I never draw blood from the natives, but in the way of business.

Fred. Business !

Olla. Yes ; I'm an apothecary. Take care how you meddle with a man of my repute—served my time—seven years under old Cataplasma, of Canterbury—took out my freedom in that ancient city—thump'd the mortar six months at Maidstone—now on my own bottom—in trade at Tunbridge—cornet Ollapod, at the Gilt Galen's Head—known to all the nobility round—sharp shot in a copse—dead dab at the broad-sword exercise—charge a furze bush.

wing a woodcock—or blister a lord, with any chap in the county. I ~~will~~ ^{will} me! an officer! and I'll prosecute you. Touch my ears, you touch my honour; and damme, I'll clap you in the county jail, for assaulting a freeman. *[Exit.]*

Fred. That scarlet apothecary is beneath my notice; but if the fellow has flouried your nerves, madam, which it is his trade to tranquilize, I'll pound him to death in his own mortar.

Emi. Pray don't be so violent; it terrifies me—on your own account it terrifies me.

Fred. On my own account!

• *Emi.* Yes; it would grieve me to see one, who is capable of such kind actions towards me, hurried into peril by the warmth of his temper.

Fred. I will be what you please; tell me only whither I shall lead you: you are of the neighbourhood, I conjecture. May I ask your name?

Emi. Emily Worthington, sir.

Fred. Worthington! Then you are daughter to the finest spirited man I ever met in my life.

Emi. Do you think so? But how came you acquainted?

Fred. Why, I had a little business with him; but somehow or other, I went without my credentials. Shall I take you to him? will you trust yourself with me?

• *Emi.* Trust myself! Oh yes! my dear father shall thank; I will thank you; and our poor old corporal, who has served in the wars, and followed us through America, he will thank you in terms of joy, when he hears of this rescue.

Fred. The old corporal loves you then?

Emi. Certainly, he does. He nursed me when my poor mother died, and left me an infant at Gibraltar; and dear— I love him too.

Fred. Now what would I give to be an old corporal! I attend you: let me take you home. Oh! how would it diminish the number of scoundrels in the world, if they could once taste the joy of rescuing a lovely female from perdition, and restoring her to her father! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. BEFORE HARROWBY'S HOUSE.

Enter Worthington, from the house.

Worth. Emily not yet returned. I cannot rest in this suspense; every instant I dread the arrival of these officers, to drag me from my family and from my child. Ha! two strangers lurking yonder! Nay, then, I know their errand. Where is my Emily? Well, well, 'tis better in such a struggle if my child witness not the anguish of the parent. *(goes up the stage.)*

Enter Sir Robert and Humphrey.

Sir Rob So, here we are at last; that hill is a breather. I am sure that was my nephew I saw hopping over the ploughed land, yonder.

Hum. Not a morsel like him.

Sir Rob. I wonder if the rogue has found his way here yet? Ha! there's our man, leaning against the stump of a tree, there. He seems lost in thought; go and tap him on the shoulder, Humphrey.

Hum. *(putting his hand on Worthington's shoulder)* You're wanted.

Worth. *(coming forward)* I understand you.

Sir Rob. Your servant, sir. Your name is Worthington, they tell me.

Worth. It is, friend.

Sir Rob I have a little business with you, and it isn't my way to use ceremony.

Worth. I expect none from a person of your stamp.

• *Sir Rob.* Stamp! Humphrey, isn't that odd? •

Hum. Not a bit. The neighbours tell every body what a rum jockey you are.

Sir Rob. Umph! You'll excuse me for talking before old crabbed, here; he's in all my affairs; the puppy has grown gray with me, and I can't well do without him.

Worth. Your follower, I suppose?

Sir Rob. Yes; he's always at my heels.—You have served his Majesty, I hear, and done your duty nobly.

Worth. No matter—do your duty, and 'tis enough.

Sir Rob. Yes, he's as proud as Lucifer, I see, but there's no flattery in that. (*aside*) The motives that brought me here, will prove I trust, that I don't always neglect my duty.

Worth. You may perform it now, then. If my life depended on it, friend, I could not give you five pounds at this moment.

Sir Rob. Give me five pounds! why who the devil wishes you? I want to know how I can do you a kindness.

Worth. I thank you.—In consideration, then, for a gentleman, and in reliance on his honour to acknowledge the obligation when in his power, I trust you will place me in an apartment in your own house.

• *Sir Rob.* An apartment in my house? •

Worth. Yes; where I may have the comfort of privacy, and my family about me.

Sir Rob. Damn me, but that's pretty plump for a man who would sooner be hang'd than ask of me a favour. (*aside*.)

Worth. You will not, I think, be harsh enough to lodge me among the wretched rabble, who are the common inmates of your gloomy walls.

Sir Rob. My gloomy walls! an infernal impudent old scoundrel! squeezes himself into all his relations into my house, and calls my family a wretched rabble. (*aside*) Humphrey, did you ever see such brass?

Hum. I always told you, except myself, you kept but a queer set.

Sir Rob. Zounds, I'll—but I'll keep my temper. Pray, sir, what can you suppose I am to make of you?

Worth. Make of me! these mercenary harpies. I have already told you, friend, you can make nothing of me in my present situation; what you think you may make of me in future as a man of honour, I leave to your own feelings.

Sir Rob. I won't consult my own feelings now, sir, I must proceed upon my judgment.

Worth. I know you are proceeding upon a judgment.

Sir Rob. And that judgment is cursedly against you at this moment, let me tell you.

Worth. 'Tis my misfortune.

Sir Rob. If you think it a misfortune, you might as well alter your conduct with me a little—I don't see the drift on't.

Worth. Drift!

Sir Rob. Aye, where's the policy?

Worth. That expired a few hours too soon.

Sir Rob. His policy expired a few hours too soon why the man's a maniac! his distresses have derang'd him. Were you—hem—were you ever wounded on the head?

Worth. Wounded on the head!

Sir Rob. Aye, in any of the actions you have had.

Worth. True, by your interrogatories; friend I am ready to accompany you.

Sir Rob. You are: and pray where are we to go?

• *Worth.* I told you I would give your house the preference.

Sir Rob. Curse me if you shall ever set a foot over my threshold.

Worth. Lead me where you please then; you proffer'd kindness, and I was weak enough to expect it; but I might have known that one of your cast is deaf to the petition of distress.

Sir Rob. The devil I am!

Worth. Familiar with scenes of want, habit hardens your heart. 'Till the very face becomes an index of the mind, and callous inhumanity scowls in every lineament of the hard-featured bailiff.

Sir Rob. Blood and thunder! Bailiff! Humphrey, do I look a bit like a bailiff?

Hum. I don't know, but you do look plaguy grim.

Sir Rob. Sir—I pardon your mistake, and like your spirit; there's no flattery in it—but I'm in a passion for all that; many a modern sir Jacky looks like a prize-fighter; but it's rather hard to take a baronet of the first school for a hum-bailiff.

Worth. My daughter!

Sir Rob. And my sky-rocket of a nephew!

Enter Frederick and Emily.

Worth. Is this sir Robert Bramble then—the generous relation of whom you told us?

Sir Rob. Generous—pshaw! but I'm his uncle; tho' the puppy is smart enough, he is nephew to the hard-featur'd fellow, whose face is an index of his mind.

Emi. Oh, sir, if you are his relation, talk to him, I entreat you, argue with him!

Sir Rob. Argue with him, that I will with all my heart and soul—on what subject?

Emi. On his rash intention, sir, to meet the ruffian from whom he has rescued me.

Worth. Rescued you, Emily! what does this mean?
Fred. Oh, a mere trifle—nothing—a gentleman in the fields here, that happened to be very civil to Miss Worthington, that I took for rudeness; so I happened to be so rude to him, that he couldn't take it for civility—that's all.

Worth. Rudeness to my child! who has dared to—but come in Emily. Your pardon, sir, (*to sir Robert*) You have found nothing but confusion here, and I must retire with my daughter for an explanation.—Come Emily.

Emi. Let us thank this gentleman before we go, sir.

Fred. Upon my soul I deserve no thanks, sir. If I deserve any thing, Miss Worthington's good opinion more than repays me.

Worth. To you, sir Robert, I owe some apologies—

Sir Rob. I hate apologies, sir, they look like flattery.—'Twas a mistake.—Will you and your family dine with me to-day?

Worth. If possible we will attend you; but my time now depends upon contingencies—Come, Emily

Emi. (*to Frederick*) Farewell, sir,—and pray, pray be cautious.

[*exit Emily and Worthington.*]

Sir Rob. Frederick, who is the fellow you have been quarrelling with?

Fred. He calls himself sir Charles Cropland.

Sir Rob. I know him—he's a puppy—must you fight him?

Fred. So he tells me.

Sir Rob. I'll be your second

Fred. You!

Sir Rob. Yes; fighting's a sort of sharp argument, and as we defend the cause of insulted innocence.

it's damn'd hard if we havn't the best on't. But hark ye, you dog! don't fall in love with the girl.

Fred. I have.

Sir Rob. You havn't.

Fred. Over head and ears.

Sir Rob. Why you blockhead she's a beggar.

Fred. So am I, we shall make a very pretty couple.

Sir Rob. And, if you married, how would you support her?

Fred. Perhaps you would support us.

Sir Rob. You sha'n't have a shilling 'till my death.

Fred. Then I hope we shall have the pleasure of starving together a great while, sir.

Sir Rob. Run back and order a dinner for a party. Tell old Buncles, the butler, to lug out some claret.

Fred. Then after dinner I'll drink Emily Worthington in a pint bumper. [exit]

Sir Rob. Humphrey you havn't attended now to a word of what was passing.

Hum. Every syllable on't.

Sir Rob. You'll laugh to see me out in a duel, I suppose.

Hum. No I shan't—I'd sooner be shot at myself.

Sir Rob. Umph!—if my nephew marries this girl, I've a great mind to cut him off with a shilling.

Hum. No, you won't.

Sir Rob. Why you know he's as poor as a rat.

Hum. The rat's your relation: it would be plaguy hard to starve him, when you feed all the rest of the rats in the parish.

Sir Rob. Come along Humphrey, and if ever you starve, rank bacon and mouldy pye-crust be my portion. [exunt]

POOR GENTLEMAN.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I. A WOOD AND A PATH-WAY.

Enter Ollapod, dressed as at first.

Olla. An awkward errand I'm on to sir Robert Bramble's; not quite correct to carry a challenge into a family I have physick'd, but honour in this case before medicine—a leaf of laurel, worth twenty drops of landanum. Mars is first customer; and damn Esculapius. Ha! here comes the enemy, up hill from the house, the gaffer meets me half-way, as death does the doctor. *(goes back.)*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. “A pointed pain deep pierced my heart,
A swift cold trembling seiz'd on every part.”

Olla. That's an ague.

Fred. “But quickly to my cost I found,
’Twas love, not death, had made the wound.”

Olla. Damn that disease, it's cured without an apothecary.

Fred. I've order'd dinner for my old uncle, and now can't I for my life, help loitering about the farmhouse.—What mind she has in every look; I would rather be a whale, and flounce about the Baltic, than fall in love with a fine proportion'd face, of beautiful insipidity.—’Tis a camp without oil, heaven in a fog—Give me those dear bewitching features; where sweet expression always speaks, and sometimes sparkles. Give me a dimpled beauty that—Zounds, here's that damn'd ugly apothecary! pray, sir, do you know what are some men's antipathies?

Olla. Yes; cats, rats, old maids, double tripe, spiders, Cheshire cheese, and cork cutters.

Fred. Now my antipathy, sir, is a pert apothecary. How dare you look me in the face again

SCENE I. POOR GENTLEMAN.

Olla. Trembling—at what?

Fred. Death.

Olla. Pooh—I have made it my business to look death in the face for fifteen years, and don't tremble at it.

Fred. Why do you presume, sir, to come across me, here——

Olla. Here—this is the King's highway, trod on as common as camomile; crowded at all corners, like the red cow on a field-day; besides, I've business at Black-berry-hall.

Fred. At my uncle's? •

Olla. Yes—I've something in my pocket to deliver there. You may guess what it is.

Fred. Salve for the maid perhaps; or rose-water to put into the puddings.

Olla. Damn lips and puddings. I've a letter for you.

Fred. You have?

Olla. Yes; to be taken directly. (*gives it*) Eh! isn't that sir Robert Bramble?

Enter sir Robert Bramble.

Sir Rob. I've sprained my back trying to frisk over that infernal farmer's hog-trough.—If Humphrey hadn't have argued I was too stiff in the joints to jump, I'd have seen the dog to the devil, before I'd have attempted it. Ha! Mr. Ollapod—your servant—your servant.—Tell me, what brings you this way?

Olla. I'll see you in a fever first. (*aside*) Dry weather for walking, sir Robert, but no news—young partridges look'd for every day—so are six Hamburg mails—glad to find our gout is gone—sir Robert, happy to meet you again on a good footing. Do you take, good sir, do you take?

Sir Rob. I take your jokes as I do your bottles of physic, master Ollapod.

Olla. How is that, sir Robert?

Sir Rob. I never take them at all.

Olla. That's very well—very well, indeed. Thank you good sir—I owe you one.

Sir Rob. (seeing Frederick) Frederick, what are you doing here?

Fred. Reading a challenge, uncle.

Sir Rob. So 'tis come then, who brought it?

Fred. Pestle and mortar there—read uncle—read.

Sir Rob. (reading) "Sir, Mr. Ollapod of the volunteer corps will deliver you this. You will find me half an hour hence at the plantation on the heath; waiting to receive the satisfaction due to your humble servant, CHARLES CROPLAND," Plain as a demonstration in Euclid. (turns to Ollapod) But how dare you, who have bled my coachman 'till he can't drive, and jalloped my cook 'till she faints at a fire,—administer a challenge to my family!

Olla. Honour is rigid, sir Robert, and must be minded as strictly as a milk diet.

Sir Rob. You came here, in short, as sir Charles Cropland's friend.

Olla. I do—Gallipots must give way to gallant feelings—and Galen is gagged by Bellona.—Sorry to offend the Bramble family—shall bring lint, probe and styptic along with the pistols. Tho' serving as a second on one side, shall be proud to extract a ball, on as reasonable terms, as any in the profession.

[*exit.*]

Fred. I have been thinking—uncle—and you shan't accompany me on this business.

SCENE 3. POOR GENTLEMAN.

Sir Rob. I shan't—you puppy—haven't I a right to smell powder, if I please.

Fred. It's an awkward business altogether—perhaps a foolish one—I am a useless fellow, floating thro' the world like a mere feather.—If I am blown out of sight 'tis no matter; you are of too much value to be made the sport of every jolly gale.

Sir Rob. Now, what, in the devil's name is the value of a man, if he won't stand by his friend when he wants him?

Fred. And what, in the devil's name, uncle, is the value of a friend, if he only drags him into a scrape?

Sir Rob. A scrape?

Fred. Yes; they tell me the law of this country is apt to call killing a man in a duel, murder; and to look upon all accessaries as principals: now, uncle, as I am going on an expedition which may end in hanging, I don't think it quite considerate to enveigle an honest friend to be of the party.

Sir Rob. I never heard the argument put in that way before. There are few, I fancy, of your opinion.

Fred. Oh, a great many; there are men enough to be found who would give in the same opinion by twelve at a time. But should I fall in my encounter with this booby of a baronet—

Sir Rob. Fall!

Fred. Why it would be bold to argue, uncle, if a bullet hits in a mortal place, that it won't kill; and, in case of the worst, I have a request to make.

Sir Rob. (uneasy) Well!

Fred. If I fall, then, uncle, you—(takes him by the hand) you know I have a father!

Sir Rob. (agitated) Well!

Fred. He is your brother! my dear uncle: an affectionate brother! your tempers may not assimilate

late, but he loves you! he is poor!—If I fall, remember him!

Sir Rob. (throws himself on Frederick's neck) My dear, dear Frederick, your death would break my heart. I have been reasoning all my life, and find, that all arguments will vanish, before one touch of nature.

Fred. I fancy you will often find it so, my dear uncle.

Sir Rob. And nature tells me, if you argue for ages, you shan't prevent the old man's going with you. Come, we must go home, to prepare: you must have my pistols, and—upon my soul, Frederick, I love my brother Job; we'll have him over, and—zounds! this will all end in smoke—and then I'll write to Russia—we'll have a family party, and be jolly—and—come my dear lad, come. [*exunt.*]

SCENE II. THE PARLOUR IN HARROWBY'S HOUSE.

Enter Worthington.

Worth. This young man may rashly plunge into a quarrel on Emily's account. 'Tis my duty to chastise the insulter of my child: at sir Robert Bramble's I might learn more, and—but in what a state of mind should I attend him!

Enter Corporal Foss.

So, Corporal; have you observed any people about the house?

Foss. No enemies, your honour, unless they are in ambuscade.

Worth. I am strongly inclined to go to sir Robert's to-day.

Foss. I hope your honour will; they say he is such a good hearted old gentleman—ten to one but he gives your honour a helping hand.

Worth. Then he'll think I am come to solicit assistance. I will not go. *(half aside.)*

Foss. Won't you? your honour.

Worth. I wish to see my daughter, again, corporal.

Foss. I had almost made sure of your honour's going. I have laid out the red roquelaure, and, in case of a dark night, Stephen is now in the stable, dusting out the lantern for me, to march home before your honour.

Worth. Well, well, send Emily to me.

Foss. Heigho!—Oh, here comes my young lady.

Enter Emily.

(aside to Emily) Make him go to sir Robert's, Miss Emily; bless you, do! Molify his honour, abit; you don't know half the good may come on't—do now.

[exit Foss.]

Worth. What said the corporal? Emily.

Emi. He bid me press our going to sir Robert Bramble's to-day.

Worth. Should you wish me, Emily, to place myself in a situation, where I might be suspected of imploring support?

Emi. Heaven forbid! but the gentleman who protected me, has been so good—so very good—that—

Worth. That what? Emily.

Emi. I should like to thank him—that's all.

Worth. Have we not both thanked him already?

Emi. Yes; but not enough, perhaps.

Worth. If more be necessary, I may express our further sense of his goodness by letter.

Emi. The service he did me was not by letter, you know, my dear father

Worth. You seem strangely interested, here, Emily.

Emi. Shou'dn't I be so? I hope I ought; for indeed—indeed—I am very uneasy.

(unable to suppress her tears)

Worth. My child—uneasy—compose yourself, Emily—open your heart to me—to your father—to your friend, Emily.

Emi. Indeed I never wish to hide my thoughts from you: they often meet your ear, so wild, and so unformed, that they resemble dreams.

Worth. Alas! my child, the thoughts of young minds too often resemble dreams—dawning dreams of happiness, my Emily, which vanish as our day opens. Should you love this young man, Emily, it is a dream from which no reproof of mine shall startle you, but the gentleness of a father shall awake you.

Emi. Love him! Oh, no! but he preserved me from danger, and on that account, I dread he may incur it himself.

Worth. You know not what your heart is, Emily.

Emi. Yes, indeed I do. I should be grieved if I didn't know it dearly loved you.

Worth. And you have no such sentiments towards this young man, Emily.

Emi. No, upon my word, the sentiments I feel for him are as different as light and darkness.

Worth. My dearest Emily, till you know the world's path better, be cautious how you tread. Lovely blossoms open ere the fruit is formed, and the heart expands before the judgment ripens. * I may be soon snatch'd from you, Emily.

Emi. My father!

Worth. Disappointment too may press upon the heels of age, and hasten his steps with me to the grave.

Emi. My dearest father!

Worth. Take then my fondest counsel while I live—my best legacy. Alas! doubt that passion may mislead you, till reflection justifies your impulse

Wed not for wealth, Emily, without love, 'tis gaudy slavery : nor for love without competence, 'tis twofold misery. Go not against the current of your station nor deserts. Glide gently down the stream, with neither too full a sail, nor too slight a freightage, and may your voyage, my child, be happier than your father's.

Enter Foss.

Foss. Madam Mac Tab wants to know if you all dine at sir Robert's, your honour ?

Worth. Why does she inquire, Corporal ?

Foss. It's about putting on some of her trinkums and furbelows I fancy, your honour. She came in a while ago, your honour, as muddy as our short little pigeon-toed drummer after a long march.

Worth. I have thought on't—tell her we shall go.

Foss. No will you, huzza ! I ha'n't been better pleased since they made me a corporal. [exit.]

Emi. Will you go then ?

Worth. Some explanation is necessary there. I will make up my mind to bury other feelings. I might hesitate perhaps in taking you with me, but you have heard my counsel, and I know, my child, Lucretia will go with us ; we must afterwards take our leave of her entirely.

Emi. Indeed !

Worth. Her conduct, of which you have informed me, with sir Charles Cropland, has decided me, and she will only quit a tottering asylum. I have to tell you our friend Burford is dead, Emily.

Emi. What the friend that—

Worth. Yes, Emily, a worthy honourable man : but from the suddenness of his death, 'tis fit I prepare you for the shock, he has left me in involvements which in a few hours may enclose me in a prison

Emi. A prison! You, you will take me with you?
Won't you take me with you?

Worth. Like the eagle on the rock, Emily, I must shelter my nest, where providence ordains.

Emi. Well then do not make yourself unhappy, my dear father, we shall not be very miserable, if we are not asunder. I will sit by you, talk to you, listen to you; and should a tear steal upon your cheek I can kiss it off, and. (*sobs involuntarily*) I am not shocked for myself, pray forgive me.

Worth. My beloved, my amiable child.

Enter Miss Lucretia Mac Tab.

Luc. If we live here for a twelve month I'll never speak to that beastly quack who left me in the ditch again.

Worth. We shall not live here for a twelve-month madam.

Luc. I am glad of it, for this country's like a cow-house, 'tis up to one's ears in mud, and nothing but brutes are its constant inhabitants.

Worth. I am not sorry to find madam, that the disgust you have conceived may make your removal hence a pleasure; and after what has passed, you will feel as little surprise as I mean offence, when I propose to you to relinquish the fortunes of a man whose situation in all places must be irksome to you.

Luc. I—I understand you are weak enough then, Mr. Worthington, to wish me to withdraw my countenance from the family.

Worth. Since the strength of your zeal for my family, madam, has so far outrun my weak notions of its happiness, I do confess I wish you to withdraw it.

Luc. 'Tis very well, sir.

Worth. When you are ready madam to go to sir Robert Bramble's, you will find Emily and me in

the garden prepared to attend you. Come my love.

[*exit Emi. and Worth.*]

Luc. Then the honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab is cut off at last by a half-pay Lieutenant in a marching regiment.

Enter Foss.

Foss. Is your ladyship's honour ready to go?

Luc. Go! You are sent to drum me out, fellow, as you would a deserter.

Foss. I don't come to drum your ladyship's honour, I want to know if you will go to sir Robert's

Luc. Go to-morrow to the post-house, ask if there's a return chaise there for London.

Foss. What am I to do then, an' please you?

Luc. Secure a seat in it for the honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab.

Foss. Is your ladyship's honour bundling off then?

Luc. Bundling, you brute, obey my orders.

Foss. That I will with all my heart and soul, an' please your honour.

Luc. I'll withdraw myself from this wretched family. I'll go down to Scotland and patronize my sixteenth cousin, the tobacconist of Glasgow. [*exit.*]

Enter Stephen.

Steph. Here be the lantern master Corporal, I have made him shine like our barn door. If you do like a duck now for your supper I have shot one of our own for you with father's blunderbuss.

Foss. How came you to do that, my honest lad?

Steph. Why, she were marching before a whole brood of young ones, and looked for all the world like a captain at the head of his attachment. We have no herbs to stuff her, for I ha' cut up all our kitchen garden to look like a mortification.

Foss. Well, well, I must attend his honour, but keep a sharp look out; my good lad you know what I told you.

Steph. What, about the bumbaileys ; rot'um, I'll blow 'em up with gunpowder.

Foss. Keep a good watch, that's all.

Steph. Dang me if a soldier's hurt in our premises. I've unmuzzled Towser and Cabbage, they'll bite all as come, good or bad. Come along, Corporal, I'm the boy as stands up for the army. England for ever and bless the king, "For a soldier's the lad for me."

[*exunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter sir Charles, and Ollapod.

Sir Cha. We are on the ground first.

Olla. Perhaps the enemy's subject to a common complaint.

Sir Cha. What's that ?

Olla. Troubled with a palpitation of the heart, and can't come.

Sir Cha. He doesn't seem of that sort.—What are the odds now, that he doesn't wing me ? these green-horns generally hit every thing but the man they aim at.

Olla. Do they ? zounds, then the odds are, that he'll wing me. I'll be principal, if you please, for to say the truth, I never serv'd my time to the trade of a second.

Sir Cha. Pshaw ! you must measure the distance when he comes, Ollapod.

Olla. What's the usual distance, sir Charles ?

Sir Cha. Eight paces.

Olla. Bless me ! men might as well fight across a counter. Does the second always measure the ground ?

Sir Cha. 'Tis the custom.

Olla. Then you had better have chosen one a little

longer in the legs. If I was to fight, I'd come out with a Colossus.

Sir Cha. I see him coming to the stile.

Olla. There, he has jump'd over; curse him, he's as nimble as quick-silver; and there's old sir Robert, waddling behind him like a badger.

Sir Cha. They are here.

Enter sir Robert, and Frederick.

Sir Rob. Gently Frederick! I tell you I am out of breath.

Fred. We shall be too late, and—Oh, here's my man. I hope we have not kept you waiting, sir; they say, in England, when people are to shoot at each other, it's the only engagement in which it is the fashion to be punctual.

Sir Cha. You are pretty exact, sir.

Fred. Let us lose no time, if you please, then, for dinner will be spoiled.

Sir Cha. Perhaps, sir, one of us may never go to dinner again.

Fred. No, but my uncle will, and'twould be a pity he should have his meat over-roasted.

Sir Cha. Mr. Ollapod, be so good as to walk over the ground.

Olla. Left foot foremost, as they do in the infantry.

Sir Rob. Hold, sir Charles, perhaps this matter may be brought to an accommodation.

Sir Cha. I don't see how, sir Robert.

Sir Rob. If you are alive to fair argument, I think I shall convince you, you have been cursedly in the wrong.

Sir Cha. I didn't come here to argue, sir,

Sir Rob. Didn't you? Frederick, you must shoot him. A man that won't listen to argument deserves to be blown to the devil.

Olla. (*finishing his measurement*) Five, six, seven, eight.

Fred. We'll take our ground, if you please, sir.

Sir Cha. Give me that, Ollapod, and success to hair triggers. (*takes a pistol from Ollapod.*)

Sir Rob. Here's your pistol my dear lad.—Zounds, my heart is as heavy as a bullet, happen what will, I shall never forget poor Job ; and as for you, Frederick—come, damn it, we mustn't blubber now.

(*they take their ground and present.*)

Olla. Stop ; here's somebody coming.—Medical man never witnessed a finer crisis

Enter Worthington, and runs between them.

Worth. My friend, sir Robert Bramble, too ! Pistols !

Fred. Stand out of the way, my dear friend, whoever is on his legs after the first fire, will have the pleasure of speaking to you.

Worth. Stay, gentlemen, this business, I believe, requires my interference.

Sir Cha. And pray, sir, what may make your interference so necessary ?

Worth. I conceive you to be sir Charles Crop-land, which argues——

Sir Rob. Don't waste your arguments ; they'll be all thrown away upon him.

Sir Cha. I am sir Charles Crop-land, sir, and pray who are you ?

Worth. I will tell you, sir : I am a man into whose family a serpent had basely crept to corrupt my child ; but her mind is fraught with too much sense and virtue to fall beneath his wiles ; and ruffian-like, he has attempted force to complete his purposes. I am an officer, sir, in his Majesty's army ; quick to resent a private injury, as I have been ready to face my country's foes. I am one, sir, who am as gratified to meet you, that I may christen you

as you merit, as you have been industrious to skulk from me, conscious of the punishment you have deserved. I need not tell you my name is Worthington.

Sir Rob. Damn me but that's better than argument, and as unlike flattery as any thing I ever heard in my life

Fred. (to sir Charles) Now, pray, sir, are you and I to go home to our dinners, or are we to swallow a forced meat ball in the fields?

Sir Cha. We had better suspend this business, sir; there are ladies coming.

Enter Lucretia and Emily.

Luc. Your father has trotted on, child, as if he was on a forced march.—Bless me! who have we here?

Emi. My father, with sir Robert, and—ha! sir Charles Cropland.

Luc. And that brute, who left me in the mire.

Olivia. That's me.

Worth. You and I sir Charles must find another moment for explanation.

Sir Cha. The immediate moment may be the best, Mr. Worthington. I believe I may have been so fashionable in my ideas, that they have led me wrong, and I don't think it a very bad style, though it mayn't be modern to confess it.

Worth. The style of sense and honesty must ever meet approbation; that of folly, contempt; that of offence, correction: And I should be sorry if the style of repentance did not find forgiveness.

Sir Rob. Or the style of argument, listeners.

Sir Cha. Miss Worthington, I confess my fault, and plead for pardon. You will not only, I hope, afford me your own, but intercede with Mr. Worthington, for his also; you check'd me (to Fred) rather roughly, indeed, in a career which I acknow-

ledg'd to be wrong ; sir, instead therefore of proceeding in resentment, it will be better to offer you my thanks, if you will be pleased to accept them.

Fred. Sir, it is pleasanter to be thank'd than shot at any time, and I accept them willingly.

Sir Cha. I take my leave then. I haven't dash'd through this scrape according to present principles, as a man owning he is sorry for his vices, may draw on him the laugh of St James's-street—but he'll hunt the pleasanter for it in Leicestershire. [*exit.*]

Olla. (*advancing to Luc.*) Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, I confess my fault and plead for pardon, since I unluckily left you in a pickle, and I sincerely hope you'll never be in such a pickle again.

Luc. Stand away you brute (*walks up.*)

Olla. Sir Robert, I hope you won't withdraw your friendship ;—and it would give me a mortification to be cut off from your custom.

Sir Rob. Oh master Ollapod, your little foibles are like your small quantities of magnesia, they give no great nausea, and do neither harm nor good.

Olla. Come, that's very well, indeed ; thank you good sir, I owe you one. I'll stay, and he'll ask me to dinner. (*aside.*)

Sir Rob. And what are you saying there to Miss Worthington, Frederick.

Fred. Telling her what good cheer there is at Blackberry-hall, uncle ; and what a worthy gentleman's at the head of the table, where I am going to have the pleasurè to lead her.

Sir Rob. You are devilish ready to do the honours, —isn't he Miss Worthington ?

Emi. To do honour to the human heart I have found him very ready, sir.

Sir Rob. And have you found him so very ready to do honour to the heart, Miss Worthington ?

Emi. Yes, indeed, I have, sir.

Sir Rob. I begin to perceive it—I'm a strange old fellow, fond of argument, they say ; but I have so little time left now in this world, that some of my arguments are a little shorter than they used to be. When I was hobbling over the stile after Frederick there, and thought the dog might be shiver'd to atoms, I made a determination in my mind, if he happened to survive, that he and your daughter——what's your name, young lady ?

Emi. Emily, sir.

Sir Rob. Aye, a pretty name enough,—that he and Emily should make a happy couple.

Worth. Never, sir.

Sir Rob. That's a plump negative (*to Worth.*) now—we'll argue that point, if you please.

Worth. My child. Sir Robert, has heard my opinions very lately ; and hearing the opinions of a friend, she adopts them.

Sir Rob. Does she ? then she's as little like Humphrey Dobbins in her mind as she is in her features.

Worth. To you it may now be necessary to say, that I am poorer even than poor ; but observe, I disdain all solicitations. This very day I have been apprized——

Sir Rob. Oh ! I know what you mean, the bond for 500*l.*

Worth. How come you to know of that bond, sir ? (*haughtily.*)

Sir Rob. I have paid——

Worth. Paid it !

Sir Rob. Yes ; while Frederick was loading his pistols in the next room to come to the field here.

Worth. You astonish me !

Sir Rob. Why so ? I happened to be sheriff of the county, and as all writs are returnable to me,

a scrubbish fellow ask'd me to sign one against you ; I thought it might be as well not to lock a worthy man in a scurvy room, just as I had asked him, from no common motives, to sit down to my table ; so I drew upon my banker, instead of John Doe and Richard Roe ; and you may reimburse me at your leisure.

Fred. My dear, dear uncle, you have got the better of me.

Sir Rob. You rogue, if your fortune cou'd serve you as well as your legs, I believe you'd have been before me here, too

Worth. I know not what to say, sir Robert.

Sir Rob. Confess you are a damn'd bad physiognomist, and I'm content—say a man's countenance may a little belie his nature ; tho' as sheriff of the county, I own, I'm head of the bum-bailiffs.

Worth. I shall never be able to repay you this debt, sir, but by long and miserable installments.

Sir Rob. You shall give me security.

Worth. I wish it—any in my power.

Sir Rob. Miss Emily pray come here. (*she comes to him*) Frederick, you dog, come on the other side of me. Let me appoint you two, trustees for a bond Mr. Worthington shall give me—a bond of family alliance—fulfil your charge punctually, and heaven prosper you in your obligations. Mr. Worthington, what say you ?

Worth. You overwhelm me, I cannot speak.

(*Frederick embraces Emily.*)

Sir Rob. The trustees are dumb too—but I see they are embracing the obligations pretty willingly.

Olla. A marriage between the young ones ! I hope I may be in favour with the family nine months hence.

Lar. Sir Robert, I rejoice at the alliance—The

•Brambles came in with the Conqueror, and are no •
disgrace to the Mac Tabs.

Sir Rob. I haven't the honour to know exactly who you may be, Madam, but I thank you—Pshaw! but damn it, the dinner will be waiting—make one of the party if you please.

Olla. I'll attack your mutton with all my heart, sir Robert—know'd he'd ask me. (*aside.*)

Fred. Come Emily, let me lead you to a house where our days may be long, be happy. You look doubtfully!

Emi. No indeed! when my father doubted I have doubted; but I can read his eyes—as he I own not long since read my heart.—You have been my preserver, and I can't help feeling gratitude.

Sir Rob. Love you mean, you little devil. Frederick we'll have Job a grandfather, before he can get from Russia.

Fred. My dear uncle, your hand; Mr. Worthington suffer me to press yours. Emily you have my heart.—And may hearts when unvitiated by the world, meet the happiness I expect—and the approbation of the virtuous

EPILOGUE.



- Olla.* DULL care as aunt, all here are now content.
Sir Rob. Hold—that perhaps admits of argument;
Some may be sicken'd here.
Luc. But how to know?
Olla. Their pulses must be felt before we go.
Sir Rob. Their pulses—that by you were better done
Olla. That's very well—Thank you, I owe you one.
Hold up your heads, pray.—Hem! ha! 'gad they
smile,
The patients don't seem troubled much with bile.
I dose men's senses to their proper pitch; }
As Cornet, every lady I bewitch. }
Luc. Not when you leave a lady in a ditch.
Worth. As father, I each father's favour court.
Emi. As daughter, I from daughters ask support.
Olla. Apothecaries cheer me with your bounty.
Sir Rob. Bum-bailiffs me, as sheriff of the county.
Worth. I deprecate the cruel critic's stabs.
Luc. And I by all the blood of the Mac Tabs.
Worth. And if to-night my efforts should succeed,
Then, the Poor Gentleman feels rich, indeed!

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

A Farce,

IN TWO ACTS;

BY ARTHUR MURPHY.

**CORRECTLY GIVEN,
AS PERFORMED AT THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.**



NEW-YORK:

Published by **CHARLES WILEY**, No. 3, Wall-street,
And **H. C. CAREY & I. LEA**, and **M'CARTY & DAVIS**
Philadelphia, and **SAML. H. PARKER**. Boston.

1824.

G. F. Hopkins, printer, 48 Pine-street.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Philadelphia.

Sir Charles Rackett	Mr. Wood.
Drugget	Mr. Francis.
Lovelace	Mr. Burnett.
Woodley	Mr. Abercrombie.
Lady Rackett	Mrs. Wood
Mrs. Drugget	Mrs. Jefferson.
Nancy	Miss Jefferson.
Dimity	Mrs. Simpson.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

ACT THE FIRST.

Enter Woodley and Dimity

Dim. Po' po! no such thing;—I tell you, Mr. Woodley, you are a mere novice in these affairs.

Wood. Nay, but listen to reason, Mrs. Dimity; has not your master, Mr. Drugget, invited me down to his country seat? has not he promised to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage? and with what pretence can he now break off?

Dim. What pretence!—you put a body out of all patience. Go on your own way, sir; my advice is lost upon you.

Wood. You do me injustice, Mrs. Dimity. Your advice has governed my whole conduct. Have not I fixed an interest in the young lady's heart?

Dim. An interest in a fiddlestick!—you ought to have made sure of the father and mother. What, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by speaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for? that was the practice, indeed, but things are altered now. You must address the old people, sir; and never trouble your head about your mistress.

THREE WEEKS

Wood. But you know, my dear Dinnity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

Dim. Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company! but what then? you should have entered into their characters, played with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

Wood. But, if my temper is too frank——

Dim. Frank, indeed! yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself. Have not you to do with a rich old shop-keeper, retired from business, with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London-road, which he calls living in the country? and yet you must find fault with his situation! what, if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens? you know his heart is set upon it: and could not you have commended his taste? but you must be too frank! 'Those walks and valleys are too regular;—those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes.'—And thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that's monstrous, to follow nature. Oh, you are likely to be a successful lover!

Wood. But why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing-stock?

Dim. Make him your father-in-law first! then the mother; how have you played your cards in that quarter? she wants a tinsel man of quality for her second daughter. 'Don't you see (say she) how happy my eldest girl is made by her match with sir Charles Rackett? she has been married three entire weeks, and not so much as one angry word has passed between them! Nancy shall have a man of quality too.'

SCENE I. AFTER MARRIAGE.

Wood. And yet I know sir Charles Rackett perfectly well.

Dim. Yes, so do I; and I know he'll make his lady wretched at last. But what then? you should have humoured the old folks; you should have been a talking empty sop to the good old lady; and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him: he is grown fond of this beau, Lovelace, who is here in the house with him; the coxcomb ingratiates himself by flattery, and you're undone by frankness.

Wood. And yet, Dimity, I won't despair.

Dim. And yet you have reason to despair; a million of reasons: to-morrow is fixed for the wedding-day; sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night; they are engaged, indeed, at a great rout in town, but they take a bed here, notwithstanding. The family is sitting up for them; Mr. Drugget will keep you all in the next room there, till they arrive; to-morrow the business is over; and yet you don't despair—Hush! hold your tongue; here comes Lovelace; step in, and I'll devise something, I warrant you. [*exit Woodley*] The old folks shall not have their own way. It is enough to vex a body, to see an old father and mother marrying their daughters as they please, in spite of my judgment, and all I can do.

Enter Lovelace.

Dim. Do lend us your assistance, Mr. Lovelace. You are, a sweet gentleman, and love a good-natured action.

Lov. Why, how now! what's the matter?

Dim. My master is going to cut the two yew-trees into the shape of two devils, I believe, and my poor mistress is breaking her heart for it. Do,

run and advise him against it. She is your friend, you know she is, sir.

Lov. Oh, if that's all, I'll make that matter easy directly.

Dim. My mistress will be for ever obliged to you; and you will marry her daughter in the morning.

Lov. Oh, my rhetoric shall dissuade him.

Dim. And, sir, put him against dealing with that nursery-man; Mrs. Drugget hates him.

Lov. Does she?

Dim. Mortally.

Lov. Say no more; the business is done. *[Exit]*

Dim. If he says one word against the giants at Guildhall, he is undone. Old Drugget will never forgive him. My brains was at its last shift; but, if this plot takes—so, here comes our Nancy.

Enter Nancy.

Nan. Well Dimity, what's to become of me?

Dim. My stars! what makes you up, miss? I thought you were gone to bed.

Nan. What should I go to bed for? only to tumble and toss, and fret, and be uneasy. They are going to marry me, and I am frightened out of my wits.

Dim. Why then you are the only young lady within fifty miles round, that would be frightened at such a thing.

Nan. Ah! if they would let me choose for myself.

Dim. Don't you like Mr. Lovelace?

Nan. My mamma does, but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of fashion, not I.

Dim. And, pray, can you do better than to follow the fashion?

Nan. Ah! I know there's a fashion for new bonnets, and a fashion for dressing the hair; but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

SCENE I

AFTER MARRIAGE

Dim Why then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now

Nan Does it? pray who sets the fashion of the heart?

Dim All the fine ladies in London, o' my conscience

Nan And what's the last fashion, pray?

Dim Why, to marry any fop that has a little of a genteel, agreeable appearance about him; something of a pret phrase, a good operator for the teeth, and a tolerable tailor

Nan And do they marry without loving?

Dim Oh! marrying for love has been a great while out of fashion

Nan Why then I'll wait till that fashion comes up again

Dim And then Mr. Lovelace, I reckon—

Nan Pshaw! I don't like him. he talks to me as if he was the most miserable man in the world, and the confident thing looks so pleased with himself all the while. I want to marry for love, and not for card-playing. I should not be able to live my sister leads with sir Charles Rochester. I tell you a secret? I will forfeit my nose if I don't quarrel soon

Dim Oh, fie! no! they won't quarrel. A quarrel in three weeks after marriage is somewhat of the quickest. I don't want to hear of their whims and their quarrels. I don't like Mr. Lovelace. I don't like Woodley?

Nan Ah! — I don't know, but I don't like anything that will explain the matter.

Song.

When first the dear youth, passing by,
 Disclos'd his fair form, to my sight,
 I lov'd, but I could not tell why;
 My heart it went throb with delight.

As nearer he drew, those sweet eyes
 Were with their dear meaning so bright,
 I trembled, and, lost in surprise,
 My heart it went throb with delight.

When his lips their dear accents did try
 The return of my love to excite,
 I feign'd, yet began to guess why
 My heart it wou'd throb with delight.

We chang'd the stol'n glance, the fond smile
 Which lovers alone read aright,
 We look'd, and we sigh'd, yet the while
 Our hearts they went throb with delight.

Content I soon blush'd, with a sigh
 My promise I ventur'd to plight;
 Come, Hymen, we then shall know why
 Our hearts they v go, throb with delight.

Enter Woodley

Wood. My sweetest angel! I have heard it all,
 and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

Nan. Ah! but I did not know you were listening.
 You should not have betrayed me so, Dimity; I
 shall be angry with you.

Dim. Well, I'll take my chance for that. Run
 both into my room, and say all your pretty things
 to one another there, for here comes the old gen-
 tleman—make haste away.

[Exeunt Woodley and Nancy.]

Enter Drugget.

Drug. A forward presuming coxcomb! Dimity,
 you step to Mrs. Drugget, and send her hither.

Dom. Yes, sir ;—it works upon him, I see. [*exit.*

Drug. The yew-trees ought not to be cut because they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too near the road already. A sorry ignorant fop ! when I am in so fine a situation, and can see every cart, wagon, and stage-coach, that goes by. And then to abuse the nursery-man's rarities ! a finer sucking pig in lavender, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen ! and yet he wants me not to have it : but have it I will.—There's a fine tree of knowledge, with Adam and Eve in jumper ; Eve's nose not quite grown, but its thought in the spring will be very forward : I'll have that too, with the serpent in ground ivy. Two poets in wormwood ! I'll have them both. Ay, and there's a lord mayor's feast in honey-suckle ; and the whole court of aldermen in hornbeam : they all shall be in my garden, with the dragon of Wantley in box, all, all ; I'll have them all, let my wife and Mr. Lovelace say what they will.

Enter Mrs. Drugget.

Mrs. D. Did you send for me, lovey ?

Drug. The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants at Guildhall, whether you will or not.

Mrs. D. Sure my own dear will do as he pleases.

Drug. And the pond, though you praise the green banks, shall be walled round ; and I'll have a little fat boy in marble, spouting up water in the middle.

Mrs. D. My sweet, who hinders you ?

Drug. Yes, and I'll buy the nursery-man's whole catalogue. Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almost four miles from London, that I won't do as I please in my own garden ?

Mrs. D. My dear, but why are you in such a passion ?

Drug. I'll have the lavender pig, and the Adam

'and Eve, and the dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em; and there shan't be a more romantic spot on the London-road than mine.

Mrs. D. I'm sure it is as pretty as hands can make it.

Drug. I did it all myself, and I'll do more. And Mr. Lovelace shan't have my daughter.

Mrs. D. No! what's the matter now, Mr. Drugget?

Drug. He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens. You put him into the head of it, but I'll disappoint you both. And so you may go and tell Mr. Lovelace that the match is quite off.

Mrs. D. I can't comprehend all this, not I. But I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear. I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure. must I give myself pain? don't ask me, pray don't; I can't support all this uneasiness.

Drug. I am resolved, and it shall be so.

Mrs. D. Let it be so then. (*cries*) Oh! oh! cruel man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off. If it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

Drug. How! I don't want that neither.

Mrs. D. Oh! oh!

Drug. I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner. Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance. Cheer up, my love; and this affair shall be settled as soon as sir Charles and Lady Macsett arrive.

Mrs. D. You bring me to life again. You know, my sweet, what a happy couple sir Charles and his lady are. Why should not we make our Nancy as happy.

Enter Dimity.

Dim. Sir Charles and his Lady ma'am

Mrs. D. Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy! where are they? I long to see 'em. [*exit.*]

Dim. Well, sir; the happy couple are arrived.

Drug. Yes they do live happy indeed.

Dim. But how long will it last?

Drug. How long! don't forebode any ill, you jade; don't I say. It will last during their lives, I hope.

Dim. Well, mark the end of it. Sir Charles, I know, is gay and good-humoured; but he can't bear the least contradiction, no, not in the merest triflc.

Drug. Hold your tongue: hold your tongue.

Dim. Yes, sir, I have done, and yet there is in the composition of sir Charles a certain humour, which, like the flying gout, gives no disturbance to the family, till it settles in the head: when once it fixes there, mercy on every body about him! but here he comes [*exit.*]

Enter sir Charles.

Sir C. My dear son, I kiss your hand. But why stand on ceremony? to find you up at this late hour mortifies me beyond expression.

Drug. 'Tis but once in a way, sir Charles.

Sir C. My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable of girls; our tempers accord like unison in music.

Drug. Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; my children and my garden are all my care.

Sir C. And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Nancy I find.

Drug. Why, my wife is so minded.

Sir C. O, by all means, let her be made happy. A very pretty fellow, Lovelace; as to that Mr—Woodley, I think you call him—he is but a plain, under-bred, ill-fashioned, sort of a—Nobody knows him; he is not one of us. Oh, by all means marry her to one of us.

Drug. I believe it must be so. Would you take any refreshment?

Sir C. Nothing in nature—it is time to retire to rest.

Drug. Well, well, good night, sir Charles & Ha! here comes my daughter. Good night, sir Charles.

Sir C. Bon repos.

Enter lady Rackett

Lady R. Dear sir! I did not expect to see you up so late.

Drug. My lady Rackett, I am glad to hear how happy you are. I won't detain you now. There's your good man waiting for you; good night, my girl. [exit]

Sir C. I must humour this old put, in order to be remembered in his will.

Lady R. O, la! I am quite fatigued. I can hardly move. Why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

Sir C. There, take my arm.—

Lady R. But I won't be laughed at. (*looking tenderly at him*) I don't love you?

Sir C. Don't you?

Lady R. No dear me! this glove! why don't you help me off with my glove? pshaw! you awkward thing, let it alone; you an't fit to be about my person. I might as well not be married, for any use you are of. Reach me a chair. You have no compassion for me & I am so glad to sit down. Why do you drag me to routs? you know I hate them.

Sir C. Oh! there is no existing, no breathing, unless one does as other people of fashion do.

Lady R. But I am out of humour: I lost all my money.

Sir C. How much?

Lady R. Three hundred

Sir C. Never fret for that. I don't value three hundred pounds to contribute to your happiness.

Lady R. Don't you?—not value three hundred pounds to please me?

Sir C. You know I don't.

Lady R. Ah! you fond fool!—but I hate gaming: it almost metamorphoses a woman into a fury. Do you know that I was frightened at myself several times to-night? I had a huge oath at the very tip of my tongue.

Sir C. Had ye?

Lady R. I caught myself at it; but I bit my lips, and so I did not disgrace myself. And then I was crammed up in a corner of the room, with such a strange party at a whist-table, looking at black and red spots: did you mind them?

Sir C. You know I was busy elsewhere.

Lady R. There was that strange, unaccountable woman, Mrs. Nightshade: she behaved so fretfully to her husband, a poor, inoffensive, good-natured, good sort of a good-for-nothing kind of man: but she so teased him—'How could you play that card?' ah, you've a head and so has a pin—you're a numskull, you know you are—ma'am, he has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what he is about; you know you don't—Oh, fie!—I'm ashamed of you!

Sir C. She has served to divert you, I see.

Lady R. And, to crown all, there was my lady Clackit, who runs on with an eternal 'larum about nothing, out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of the game she begins, 'Lard, ma'am, I was apprehensive I should not be able to wait on your la'ship; my poor little dog, Pompey—the sweetest thing in the world,—a spade led! there's the knave—I was fetching a walk, me'm, the other morn-

ing in the Park; a fine frosty morning it was, I love frosty weather of all things. Let me look at the last trick—and so, ne'm, little Pompey—Oh! if you la'ship was to see the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing his steps along the Mall, with his pretty innocent face—I vow I don't know what to play—and so, me'ns while I was talking to captain Fimsey—your la'ship knows captain Fimsey. Nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it—And so, me'm, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor little Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but who can resist five at once? And so Pompey barked for assistance. The hurt he received was upon his chest: the doctor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is healed, for fear of an inflammation—Pray, what's trumps?

Sir C. My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

Lady R. Why don't you hand me up stairs? oh I am so tired: let us go to rest.

Sir C. (answering her) You complain, and yet taking is the delight of your little heart!

Lady R. (leaning on him as he walks away) It is you that make a rake of me. Oh, sir Charles, how shocking you played that last rubber, when I stood looking over you!

Sir C. My love, I played the truth of the game.

Lady R. No, indeed, my dear, you played it wrong. Ah! sir Charles, you have a head.

Sir C. Po! nonsense! you don't understand it.

Lady R. I beg your pardon: I am allowed to play better than you.

Sir C. All conceit, my dear: I was perfectly right.

Lady R. No such thing, sir Charles. How can you dispute it? the diamond was the play.

Sir C. Po! ridiculous! the club was the card against the world

Lady R. Oh, no, no, no; I say it was the diamond.

Sir C. Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

Lady R. What do you fly in such a passion for?

Sir C. Death and fury! do you think I don't know what I am about? I tell you once more, the club was the judgment of it.

Lady R. May be so. Have it your own way, sir.

(walks about and rages.)

Sir C. Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever lived, there's no conversing with you. Look ye here, my lady Rackett; it is the clearest case in the world; I'll make it plain to you in a moment.

Lady R. Very well, sir. To be sure you must be right.

(with a sneering laugh.)

Sir C. Listen to me, lady Rackett; I had four cards. Trumps were out. The lead was mine. They were six—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine; then you know, the beauty of the play was to—

Lady R. Well, now it's amazing to me, that you can't perceive: give me leave, sir Charles. Your left hand adversary had led his last trump, and he had before finessed the club, and roughted the diamond: now if you had led your diamond—

Sir C. Zoons! madam, but we played for the odd trick.

Lady R. And sure the play for the odd trick—

Sir C. Death and fury! can't you hear me?

Lady R. And must not I be heard, sir?

Sir C. Zoons! hear me, I say. Will you hear me?

Lady R. I never heard the like in my life.

(humns a tune, and walks about fretfully.)

Sir C. Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a stoic.—*(looks at her; walks about and laughs)* Very well, madam; you know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the

top of the house. You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

Lady R. Go on your own way, sir.

(takes out a glass and settles her hair.)

Sir C. Why then, by all that's odious, you are the most perverse, obstinate, ignorant—

Lady R. Polite language, sir!

Sir C. You are, madam, the most perverse, the most obstinate—you are a vile woman!

Lady R. I am obliged to you, sir.

Sir C. You are a vile woman, I tell you so, and I will never sleep another night under one roof with you.

Lady R. As you please.

Sir C. Madam, it shall be as I please. I'll order my chariot this moment. *(going)* I know how the cards should be played as well as any man in England, that let me tell you. *(going)*—And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for Whitechapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, madam, were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates, my lady Rackett. *(she hums a tune, and he looks at her)* Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent. *(goes and turns back)* Will you command your temper, and listen to me?

Lady R. Go on, sir!

Sir C. Can't you be cool as I am?—Look ye, my lady Rackett: thus it stood. The trumps being all out, it was then my business—

Lady R. To play the diamond, to be sure

Sir C. Damnation! I have done with you for ever; for ever, madam, and so you may tell your father.

Lady R. What a passion the gentleman is in! *(going.)*

Sir C. Will you let me speak?

Lady R. Who hinders you, sir?

Sir C. Once more, then, out of pure good nature—

Lady R. Oh! sir, I am convinced of your good nature

Sir C. That, and that only, prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

Lady R. I am prodigiously obliged to you for the information, I am perfectly satisfied, sir.

Sir C. It is the clearest point in the world. Only mind now. We were nine, and—

Lady R. And for that reason, the diamond was the play. Your adversary's club was the best in the house

Sir C. Why then, such another fiend never existed. There is no reasoning with you. It is in vain to sify a word. Good sense is thrown away upon you. I now see the malice of your heart. You are a base woman, and I part from you for ever. You may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical evergreens, till you become as fantastical yourself. I'll set out for London this moment. Your servant, madam (*turns and looks at her*) The club was not the best in the house

Lady R. How calm you are!—Well, I'll go to bed. Will you come? you had better. Not come, when I ask you—Oh! sir Charles. (*going.*)

Sir C. That ease is so provoking. I desire you will stay and hear me. Don't think to carry it in this manner. Madam, I must and will be heard

Lady R. Oh! lud; with that terrible countenance! you frighten me away

(*runs in and shuts the door*)

Sir C. (*following her*) You shall not fly me thus. Confusion! open the door—will you open it? this

contempt is beyond enduring. (*walks away*) **P**intended to have made it clear to her, but now let her continue in her absurdity. She is not worth my notice. My resolution is taken. She has touched my pride, and I now renounce her for ever; yes, for ever; not to return, though she were to request, beseech, and implore, on her very knees. [*exit.*]

Lady R. (*peeping in*) Is he gone? (*comes forward*) Bless me! what have I done—I have carried this too far, I believe, I had better call him back. For the sake of peace I'll give up the point. What does it signify, which was the best of the play?—It is not worth quarrelling about—How!—here he comes again.—I'll give up nothing to him. He shall never get the better of me. I am ruined for life if he does. I will conquer him, and I am resolved he shall see it. (*runs in and shuts the door.*)

Sir C. (*looking in*) No; she won't open it. Headstrong and positive!—If she could but command her temper, the thing would be as clear as daylight. She has sense enough, if she would but make use of it. It were pity she should be lost. (*advances towards the door*) All owing to that perverse spirit of contradiction.—I may reclaim her still—(*peeping through the key-hole*) Not so much as a glimpse of her. (*taps at the door*) **lady Rackett—lady Rackett—**

Lady R. (*within*) What do you want?

Sir C. (*laughing affectedly*) Come, you have been very pleasant. Open the door. I cannot help laughing at all this.—Come, no more foolery: have done now, and open the door.

Lady R. (*within*) Don't be such a torment.

Sir C. Will you open it?

Lady R. (*laughing*) No—no—ho! ho!

Sir C. Hell and confusion! what a nursery!

make of myself! I'll bear this usage no longer. To be trifled with in this sort by a false, treacherous, — (*runs to the door and speaks through the key-hole*) The diamond was not the play. (*walks away as fast as he can*) I know what I am about, (*looks back in a violent rage*) and the club was not the best in the house. [exit.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter Dinnity, laughing violently.

Dim. Oh, I shall die; I shall expire in a fit of laughing! This is the modish couple that were so happy! such a quarrel as they have had; the whole house is in an uproar. Ho! ho! ho! a rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life. I shall never hear people of fashion mentioned again, but I shall be ready to crack my sides. They were both — Ho! ho! ho! this is three weeks after marriage, I think.

Enter Drugget.

Drug. Hey! how! what's the matter, Dinnity? — What am I called down stairs for?

Dim. Why, there's two people of fashion —

(*stifles a laugh.*)

Drug. Why, you malapert hussey! explain this moment.

Dim. The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour. Are you satisfied now?

Drug. Ay! — what, have they quarrelled? what was it about?

Dim. Something too nice and fine for my comprehension, and yours too, I believe. People in

high life understand their own forms best. And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair

Enter sir Charles

Sir C. (to the people within) I say, let the horses be put to this moment. So, Mr Drugget!

Drug. Sir Charles here's a terrible bustle. I did not expect this. What can be the matter?

Sir C. I have been used by your daughter in so base, so contemptuous, so vile a manner, that I am determined not to stay in this house to-night.

Drug. This is a thunderbolt to me! after seeing how elegantly and fashionably you lived together, to find now all sunshine vanished! Do, sir Charles, let me heal this breach, if possible.

Sir C. Sir it is impossible, I'll not live with her an hour longer.

Drug. Nay, nay, don't be too hasty. Let me intreat you, go to bed and sleep upon it. In the morning, when you are cool——

Sir C. Oh, sir, I am very cool, I assure you. Ha! ha!—It is not in her power, sir, to—a—a—to disturb the serenity of my temper. Don't imagine that I'm in a passion. I am not so easily ruffled as you imagine. But, quietly and deliberately, I can repay the injury done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful woman.

Drug. The injuries done you by a false, ungrateful! my daughter, I hope, sir——

Sir C. Her character is now fully known to me. I understand her perfectly. She is a vile woman! that's all I have to say, sir!

Drug. Hey! how!—a vile woman! what has she done? I hope she is not capable——

Sir C. I shall enter into no detail, Mr. Drugget. See if the horses are put to

Drug. Mercy on me! in my old days to hear this.

Enter Mrs. Drugget.

Mrs. D. Deliver me! I am all over in such a tremble. Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there is any thing amiss.

Sir C. Madam, I am very sorry, for your sake; but to live with her is impossible.

Mrs. D. My poor dear girl! what can she have done?

Sir C. What all her sex can do: it needs no explanation: the very spirit of them all.

Drug. Ay! I see how it is.—She is bringing foul disgrace upon us. This comes of her marrying a man of fashion.

Sir C. Fashion, sir! that should have instructed her better. She might have been sensible of her happiness. Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life claims respect; claims obedience, attention, and truth.

Drug. And, let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

Sir C. And, sir, my character is dear to me. It shall never be in her power to expose me.

Drug. Yet you must give me leave to tell you——

Sir C. I won't hear a word.

Drug. Not in behalf of my own daughter?

Mrs. D. Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

Drug. Hold your tongue, woman, I say: hold you tongue. You are not a person of fashion, at least. My daughter was ever a good girl.

Sir C. I have found her out.

Drug. Oh! then its all over, and it does not signify arguing about it.

Mrs. D. That ever I should live to see this hour!

How the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine. I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment. *[exit.]*

Sir C. She stands detected now : detected in her truest colours.

Drug. Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

Sir C. Mr. Drugget, I have not leisure now. Her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town. My mind is fixed. She sees me no more, and so, your servant, sir. *[exit.]*

Drug. What a calamity has here befallen us ! A good girl, and so well disposed ! but the evil communication of high life, and fashionable vices, turned her heart to lolly.

Enter lady Rackett, Mrs Drugget, and Dimity.

Lady R. A cruel, barbarous man, to quarrel in this unaccountable manner ; to alarm the whole house, and to expose me and himself too.

Mrs. D. Oh, child ! I never thought it would have come to this. Your shame will not end here ; it will be all over St. James's parish by to-morrow morning.

Lady R. Well, if it must be so, there is one comfort still ; the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

Dim. As I'm a sinner, and so it will, madam. He deserves what he has met with.

Mrs. D. Dimity, don't you encourage her. You shock me to hear you speak so. I did not think you had been so hardened.

Lady R. Hardened, do you call it ? I have lived in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

Mrs. D. You wicked girl! do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falsehood to your husband's bed?

Lady R. How!—(turns short and stares at her) Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this. Has sir Charles accused me of any impropriety in my conduct?

Mrs. D. Oh! too true, he has: he has found you out, and you have behaved basely, he says.

Lady R. Madam!

Mrs. D. You have fallen into frailty, like many of your sex, he says: and he is resolved to come to a separation directly.

Lady R. Why then, if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ache before I live with him again.

Dim. Hold to that, ma'am, and let his head ache into the bargain.

Mrs. D. Your poor father heard it as well as I.

Lady R. Then let your doors be open for him this very moment, let him return to London. If he does not, I'll lock myself up, and the false one shan't approach me, though he were to whine on his knees at my very door. A base, injurious man!

[*exit.*

Mrs. D. Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what she has to say for herself.

[*exit.*

Dim. She has excuse enough, I warrant her. What a noise is here indeed! I have lived in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing.

[*exit.*

Enter sir Charles and Drugget.

Sir C. It is all in vain, sir, my resolution is taken.

Drug. Well, but consider, I am her father. Indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

Sir C. She can have nothing to say ; no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

Drug. Don't be too positive there may be some mistake.

Sir C. No, sir, no ; there can be no mistake. Did not I see her, hear her myself ?

Drug. Lack-a-day ! then I am an unfortunate man.

Sir C. She will be unfortunate too : with all my heart. She may thank herself. She might have been happy, had she been so disposed.

Drug. Why truly, I think she might.

Enter Mrs. Drugget.

Mrs. D. I wish you would moderate your anger a little, and let us talk over this affair with temper.— My daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

Sir C. Denies it ! denies it !

Mrs. D. She does, indeed.

Sir C. And that aggravates her fault.

Mrs. D. She vows that you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

Sir C. She does not allow it to be wrong then. — Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly. I have found her out ; I am now acquainted with her character, I am to be deceived no more.

Mrs. D. Then you are in opposite stories. She swears, my dear Mr. Drugget, the poor girl swears, she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity in her born days.

Sir C. And what then ? what if she does say so ?

Mrs. D. And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

Sir C. And is she therefore to behave ill in other respects ? I never charged her with infidelity to me, madam ; there I allow her innocent.

Drug. And did not you charge her then ?

SCENE 1. AFTER MARRIAGE.

Sir C. No, sir, I never dreamt of such a thing.

Drug. Why then, if she is innocent, let me tell you, you are a scandalous person.

Mrs. D. Prithce, my dear—

Drug. Be quiet; though he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it. Did not I fine for sheriff?—Yes, you are a scandalous person to defame an honest man's daughter.

Sir C. What have you taken into your head now?

Drug. You charged her with falsehood to your bed.

Sir C. No, never, never.

Drug. I say, you did.

Sir C. And I say, no, no.

Drug. But I say, you did; you called yourself a cuckold. Did not he, wife?

Mrs. D. Yes, lovely, I am witness.

Sir C. Absurd! I said no such thing.

Drug. But I aver, you did.

Sir C. But I tell you, no, positively no.

Drug. and Mrs. D. And I say, yes, positively yes.

Sir C. 'Sdeath, this all madness.

Drug. You said that she followed the ways of most of her sex.

Sir C. I said so, and what then?

Drug. There, he owns it: owns that he called himself a cuckold, and without rhyme or reason into the bargain.

Sir C. I never owned any such thing.

Drug. You owned it even now, now, now, now.

Mrs. D. This very moment.

Sir C. No, no; I tell you, no.

Drug. This instant. Prove it; make your words good; show me your horns, and if you cannot, it is worse than suicide to call yourself a cuckold, without proof.

Enter Dimity, in a fit of laughter.

Dim. What do you think it was all about? Ha! ha! the whole secret has come out, ha! ha! It was all about a game of cards. Ho! ho! ho!

Drug. A game of cards!

Dim. (*laughing*) It was all about a club and a diamond. [*Exit, laughing*]

Drug. And was that all, sir Charles?

Sir C. And enough too, sir

Drug. And was that what you found her out in?

Sir C. I can't bear to be contradicted, when I am clear that I am in the right

Drug. I never heard of such a heap of nonsense in all my life. Woodley shall marry Nancy.

Mrs. D. Don't be in a hurry, my love, this will all be made up.

Drug. Why does he not go and see her parlor then?

Sir C. I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you. I shan't forgive her, you may rest assured. [*Exit*]

Drug. Now, there, there's a pretty fellow for you!

Mrs. D. I'll step and prevail on my lady Rackett to speak to him: all this will be set right. [*Exit*]

Drug. A ridiculous fop! I am glad it is no worse, however.—He must go and talk scandal on himself, as if the town did not abound with people ready enough to take that trouble off his hands.

Enter Nancy.

Drug. So, Nancy,—you seem in confusion, my girl!

Nan. How can one help it, with all this noise in the house? and you are going to marry me as ill as my sister. I hate Mr. Lovelace?

Drug. Why so, child?

Nan. I know these people of quality despise us

all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

Drug. The girl's right.

Nan. They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves.

Drug. And then quarrel about a card.

Nan. I don't want to be a gay lady, I want to be happy.

Drug. And so you shall—don't frighten yourself, child. Stop to your sister, bid her make herself easy; go, and comfort her. go.

Nan. Yes, sir.

[*exit.*]

Drug. I'll stop and settle the matter with Mr. Woodley, this moment.

[*exit.*]

SCENE II. ANOTHER APARTMENT.

• *Sir Charles, with a pack of cards at a table.*

Sir C. Never was any thing like her behaviour. I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand, and then, 'tis as plain as the sun. There—there—now—there—no—damn it—there it was—now let me see,—they had four by honours, and we played for the odd trick,—damnation! honours were divided—ay! honours were divided, and then a trump was led, and the other side had the—confusion! this preposterous woman has put it all out of my head. (*puts the cards to her eyes*)—guilty well, madam; I have done with you.

• *Enter Mrs. Drugg.*

Mrs. D. Sir Charles, let me prevail. Come with me and speak to her.

Sir C. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs. D. If you were to see her all bath'd in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir C. Madam, it shall by my fault if ever I am treated so again. I'll have nothing to say to her—(*going, stops*) Does she give up the point?

Mrs. D. She does, she agrees to any thing.

Sir C. Does she allow that the club was the play?

Mrs. D. Just as you please; she is all submission.

Sir C. Does she own that the club was not the best in the house?

Mrs. D. She does; she is willing to own it.

Sir C. Then I'll step and speak to her. I never was clearer in any thing in my life. *[Exit.*

Mrs. D. Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now, and then they'll be as happy as ever. *[Exit.*

Enter Nancy.

Nan. Well! they may talk what they will of taste, and genteel life; I don't think it is natural. Give me Mr. Woodley.—La! that odious thing is coming this way.

Enter Lovelace.

Lov. My charming little innocent, I have not seen you these three hours.

Nan. I have been very happy these three hours.

Lov. My sweet angel, you seem disconcerted, and you neglect your pretty figure. No matter, for the present; in a little time I shall make you appear as graceful and as genteel as your sister.

Nan. That is not what employs my thoughts, sir.

Lov. Ay! but my pretty little dear, that should engage your attention. To set off and adorn the charms that nature has given you, should be the business of your life.

Nan. But as I have something else to do, you'll excuse my leaving you. *[Exit.*

Lov. I must have her, notwithstanding this; for though I am not in love, I am most confoundedly in debt.

Enter Drugget.

Drug. So, Mr. Lovelace! any news from above stairs? Is this absurd quarrel at an end? have they made it up?

Lor. Oh! a mere bagatelle, sir; these little tracass never last long, as you see; for here they come, in perfect good humour.

Enter sir Charles Rackett and lady Rackett.

Sir C. Mr. Drugget, I embrace you; you see me in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

Drug. What, all reconciled again?

Lady R. All made up, sir. I knew how to bring the gentleman to a sense of his duty. This is the first difference, I think, we ever had, sir Charles.

Sir C. And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

Drug. I am happy now, as happy as a fond father can wish. Sir Charles, I can spare you an image to put on the top of your house in London.

Sir C. Infinitely obliged to you.

Drug. Well, well, it's time to retire: I am glad to see you reconciled; and now I wish you a good night, sir Charles. Mr. Lovelace, this is your way. Fare ye well both. I am glad your quarrels are at an end. this way, Mr. Lovelace.

[Exit Drug. and Lor.]

Lady R. Ah! you are a sad man, sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done.

Sir C. My dear, I grant it: and such an absurd quarrel too—ha! ha!

Lady R. Yes, ha! ha!—about such a trifle.

Sir C. It is pleasant how we could both fall into such an error. Ha! ha! •

Lady R. Ridiculous beyond expression; ha! ha!

Sir C. And then the mistake your father and mother fell into.

Lady R. That too is a diverting part of the story. Ha! ha!—But, sir Charles, must I stay and live with my father till I grow as fantastical as his evergreens? •

Sir C. Nav, prithee don't remind me of my folly

Lady R. Ah! my relations were all standing behind counters, selling Whitechapel needles, while your family were spending great estates.

Sir C. Spare my blushes; you see I am covered with confusion.

Lady R. How could you say so indelicate a thing? I don't love you.

Sir C. It was indelicate, I grant it.

Lady R. Am I a vile woman?

Sir C. How can you, my angel?

Lady R. I shan't forgive you. I'll have you on your knees for this. (*sings and plays with him*) 'Go, naughty man. — Ah, sir Charles'

Sir C. The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you how sincerely I love you.

Lady R. (*sings*) 'Go, naughty man, I can't abide you.' Well, come, let us go to rest. (*going*) Ah, sir Charles, now it's all over, the diamond was the play.

Sir C. Oh, no, no, no; now that one may speak, it was the club indeed.

Lady R. Indeed, my love, you are mistaken.

Sir C. You make me laugh; but I was not mistaken; rely upon my judgment.

Lady R. You may rely upon mine; you was wrong.

Sir C. (*laughing*) Po! no, no, no such thing.

Lady R. (*laughing*) But I say, yes, yes, yes.

Sir C. Oh! no, no; it is too ridiculous; don't say any more about it, my love.

Lady R. (*toying with him*) Don't you say any more about it; you had better give it up, you had indeed.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Your honour's cap and slippers

Sir C. Lay down my cap, and here take these shoes off. *(he takes them off, and leaves them at a distance)* Indeed, my lady Rackett, you make me ready to expire with laughing. 'Ha' ha!

Lady R. You may laugh, but I am right notwithstanding.

Sir C. How can you say so?

Lady R. How can you say otherwise?

Sir C. Well, now mind me, lady Rackett, we can now talk of this in good humour; we can discuss it coolly.

Lady R. So we can, and it is for that reason I venture to speak to you. Are these the ruffles I bought for you?

Sir C. They are, my dear.

Lady R. They are very pretty. But, indeed, you played the card wrong.

Sir C. No, no, listen to me; the affair was thus—
Mr. Jenkins having never a club left—

Lady R. Mr. Jenkins finessed the club.

Sir C. *(peerishly)* How can you?

Lady R. And trumps being all out—

Sir C. And we playing for the odd trick—

Lady R. If you had minded your game—

Sir C. And the club being the best—

Lady R. If you had led your diamond—

Sir C. Mr. Jenkins would, of course, put on a spade.

Lady R. And so the odd trick was sure.

Sir C. Damnation! will you let me speak?

Lady R. Very well, sir, fly out again.

Sir C. Look here now; here is a pack of cards.—
Now you shall be convinced.

Lady R. You may talk till to-morrow, I know I am right. *(walks about)*

Sir C. Why then, by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong——Can't you look here? *here* are the very cards.

Lady R. Go on; you'll find it out at last.

Sir C. Will you hold your tongue, or not? will you let me show you?—No! it is all nonsense. (*puts up the cards*) Come, let us go to bed. (*going*) Only stay one moment. (*takes out the cards*) Now command yourself, and you shall have demonstration.

Lady R. It does not signify, sir. Your head will be clearer in the morning. I choose to go to bed.

Sir C. Stay and hear me, can't you?

Lady R. No; my head aches. I am tired of the subject.

Sir C. Why then, damn the cards. There, and there, and there. (*throwing them about the room*) You may go to bed by yourself. Confusion seize me if I stay here to be tormented a moment longer. (*putting on his shoes.*)

Lady R. Take your own way, sir.

Sir C. Now then, I tell you once more, you are a vile woman.

Lady R. Don't make me laugh again, sir Charles. (*walks and sings.*)

Sir C. Hell and the devil! will you sit down quietly, and let me convince you?

Lady R. I don't choose to hear any more about it.

Sir C. Why then may I perish if ever——a block-head, an idiot, I was to marry. (*walks about*) Such provoking impertinence! (*she sits down*) Damnation! I am so clear in the thing. She is not worth my notice. (*sits down, turns his back, and looks uneasy*) I'll take no more pains about it. (*pauses for some time, and then looks at her*) Is it not strange, that you won't hear me?

Lady R. Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

Sir C. Very well then, very well; you remember how the game stood. (*draws his chair near her.*

Lady R. I wish you would untie my necklace, it hurts me

Sir C. Why can't you listen?

Lady R. I tell you it hurts me terribly.

Sir C. Death and confusion! (*moves his chair away*)—There is no bearing this. (*looks at her angrily*) It won't take a moment, if you will but listen. (*moves towards her*) Can't you see, that by forcing the adversary's hand, Mr. Jenkins would be obliged to—

Lady R. (*moving her chair away from him*) Mr. Jenkins had the best club, and never a diamond left.

Sir C. (*rising*) Distraction! Bedlam is not so mad. Be as wrong as you please, madam. May I never hold four by honours, may I lose every thing I play for, may fortune entirely forsake me, if I endeavour to set you right again. [*exit.*

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Drugget, Woodley, and Nancy.

Mrs. D. Gracious! what's the matter now?

Lady R. Such another man does not exist. I did not say a word to the gentleman, and yet he has been raving about the room, and storming like a whirlwind.

Drug. And about a club again! I heard it all.—Come hither Nancy: Mr. Woodley, she is your's for life.

Mrs. D. My dear, how can you be so passionate?

Drug. It shall be so. Take her for life, Mr. Woodley.

Wood. My whole life shall be devoted to her happiness.

Drug. Mr. Woodley, I recommend my girl to your

care. I shall have nothing now to think of, but my greens, and my images, and my shrubbery.—Though, mercy on all married folks, say I; for these wranglings are, I am afraid, what they must all come to.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

BLUE DEVILS.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER

CORRECTLY GIVEN,
AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL.
With Remarks.



NEW YORK :

Published by CHARLES WILEY, No. 3, Wall-street,
And H. C. CAREY & I. LEA, and MCARTY & DAVIS,
Philadelphia, and SAML. H. PARKER, Boston.

1821

G. F. Hopkins, printer, 48 Pine-street.

REMARKS

THE farce of "Blue Devils" is a loose version (with some alteration, and curtailment,) of a French piece, in one act, written by M. Patratt, the title of which is forgotten by the Translator; and he has now no copy of the original drama in his possession, to ascertain it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Covent Garden.

Megrim Mr. *Fawcett*.

Demisou Mr. *Munden*.

James Mr. *Knight*.

Bailiff Mr. *Simmons*.

Annette Mrs. *Gibbs*

SCENE—A Hotel, in a French Town.

BLUE DEVILS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I. AN EATING ROOM IN A HOTEL.

James and Annette, discovered.

Annet. And, do you really, love me so very dearly, James?

James. O, for the matter of that, Mademoiselle Annette, hugely indeed! I don't know how it comes about, not I; but morning, noon, nor night, I can ne'er beat you out of my head.

Annet. Dear now, that's, for all the world, as it happens to me about you, James.

James. He! he! What a sweet pretty couple you and I should make, Annette!

Annet. That's a sure thing; but we must not hope to get my father's consent. He is'nt rich, you know;—he has given so much credit to the fine folks, who come to his hotel here!

James. Yes; and the worst of it is, that it is clean out of fashion, now for your fine folks to pay. He has been very unlucky, of late, that's the truth on't.

Annet. Very;—and, this blessed day, his wine-merchant threatens to seize his furniture, for the two hundred louis-d'ors he owes him! We can't expect, James, that he'll think of marrying us, in all his misfortunes.

James. That's true indeed! Heigho!

Annet. Besides, you have only been waiter here three months. You *have* nothing, James.

James. Nothing at all.

Annet. And you *know* nothing to—

James. Oh, but I do, though!

Annet. Why, what do you know?

James. How to love you, Annette.

Annet. That's very well for me, James, but, I don't see how it will do any good to my father.

James. Now that's a great pity, isn't it, Annette? Well, if we can't be married yet, why we must do all we can to make ourselves easy, you know. It, now, you'd just let me—I don't know well how to ask you.

Annet. What, James?

James. Just let me have a kiss of your hand.

Annet. Dear, would that give you any satisfaction?

James. Would it? Ah!

Annet. Lord! why did not you say so before? (*gives her hand*) Poor fool! how happy he is, now!

James. And if I might but be so bold as just, for once, to take a smack at your lips, Annette—

Annet. My lips? Oh, perhaps that mayn't be right. I don't know, though, why you shouldn't.—My father kisses me, you know, James; so you may be sure it can't be improper. There, then.

(*he kisses her.*)

Entrée Demisou.

Demi. Very pretty, upon my soul! and just what I have suspected. Why, you graceless baggage! have you the impudence to suffer yourself to be kiss'd by a man.

Annet. Lord, father, why where's the harm?

Demi. There's assurance, now, with the devil to it! Up—up to your chamber, directly, hussey! I'll talk to you, by and bye and as for you, my merry gentleman, I must have a word with you on the spot

Annet. Nay, but, father, now——

Demi. Get along, you jade! Troop, and be silent
—Troop, I say. [Exit *Annette*.]

James. Now, if you please, Mr. Demisou, just let's talk this here matter over a bit. What can you have to complain on?

Demi. Complain on, with a plague! Zounds! you dog! how dare you kiss my daughter?

James. Dear, it be such pretty sport!

Demi. Sport, you rascal!

James. Why, now, don't you think 'tis quite in nature, as a body might say?

Demi. In nature!

James. Certainly. You must know, she and I be in love with one another.

Demi. In love with one another!

James. Hackins, but we be, though. If things hadn't fallen out so crossly with you, we should have told you so before. But you, d'ye see, being bother'd, about money, and I without a penny in my pocket, we thought it best not to break our minds to you, till I had made my fortune. 'Sbobs! if it was but once made, you shouldn't be long pester'd with duns, I can tell you.

Demi. Ha—A very pretty story indeed. But, to settle matters methodically:—Jemmy!

James. Anan.

Demi. Do you see that door, Jemmy?

James. Why, what a dickens, you don't think I be blind?

Demi. Look at it well, Jemmy.

James. What for?

Demi. That you may never come in at it again, you damn'd rascal.

James. What?

Demi. From this moment, I bundle you out of the

house: and wo betide you if ever you cross the threshold again!

James. Why, sure you ben't serious.

Demi. Yes, sure, but I be though

James. Pooh, pooh! I can't go mun.

Demi. Can't you? , "

James. No, to be sure. Miss Annette and I have promised to meet one another, every morning, before you be up, in this very dining room. Rabbit it! a pretty job, indeed, if I was to break my word. Touch my honour, and you touch my life!

Demi. Get out of my house, or I'll kick you, and your honour to the devil.

James. And be you really in earnest, then?

Demi. Positively.

James. Well then, if I must, I—Give me your hand Heaven bless you! good bye, my dear master Demisou! good bye!

Demi. Aye, aye; your servant, your servant.

James. Speak a bit of comfort to poor Miss Annette.

Demi. Well, well.

James. Tell her I shall always love her, till death do us part.

Demi. Upon my soul, a very pretty commission to give to her father.

James. Heaven bless you! (going.

Demi. Oh, by the bye, stay; hold; first let me pay you your wages.

James. No, I thank ye; I want no wages, not I.

Demi. No! why not?

James. My heart be a breaking; and, if grief be to kill me, I had rather make you my heir nor another. You be very welcome. I be sure I can ne'er live long, without Miss Ann—without—Heaven bless you! [exit.]

Demi. Poor devil! I—pshaw! Damn it, I'm glad he's gone, for I was beginning to grow soft hearted, and make a fool of myself. But, to marry my girl to a beggar, just when I'm ruin'd myself! If Monsieur Melange, my wine merchant, seizes my goods to day, my credit's gone, for ever. Hark! I hear a carriage stop. Eh! Here's a guest coming up. Let me put a good face on the matter, however.

Enter Megrim.

Demi. I have the honour to be your most obedient, humble servant.

Meg. (throwing himself into a chair) What for?

Demi. Because it is my duty, sir.

Meg. Duty!

Demi. Yes; and I hope I never fail'd in it yet, sir. May I make bold to ask if you wish for any thing?

Meg. You are plaguy curious.

Demi. 'Tis a question I ought to ask.

Meg. Why?

Demi. I am landlord of the hotel, here.

Meg. Very like

Demi. And if your lordship—

Meg. I am not a lord.

Demi. As you have the air of a man——

Meg. I am a man.

Demi. I see you are: but I mean a man of fashion.

Meg. I am not a man of fashion.

Demi. Then perhaps you are—

Meg. I am James Megrim, a man of honesty.

Demi. Do you stay any time in this country?

Meg. For ever! (emphatically.)

Demi. For ever! I am much obliged to you for coming to my house. Would you choose to look at an apartment?

Meg. No;—I'm well enough here.

Demi. Here! Why this is the dining room: at

three o'clock, we shall have about some twenty come to the ordinary.

Meg. What is it now?

Demi. Past ten.

Meg. Hum! I have more than four hours good, then.

Demi. Yes; but, at two, they'll be laying the cloth. and people, coming in and out, will disturb you.

Meg. No matter.

Demi. Well, 'tis but right to tell you of it: and now you are to do as you like.

Meg. I know it.

Demi. At all events, I'll go and give orders to reserve you a bed.

Meg. That's useless.

Demi. Why don't you intend to take a bed here, to night, sir?

Meg. I think not.

Demi. I beg pardon; but I thought you said, just now, that you would stay here for ever, and meant to finish your days in this town.

Meg. I do mean to finish my days in this town.

Demi. Oh, then, you intend to lodge somewhere else, I suppose. Well! well! But, before you leave my house, be pleased to make trial of your entertainment. Is there any thing you would be pleased to have now, sir?

Meg. No.

Demi. When you want any thing, you'll find the bell on the table.

Meg. Oh!

Demi. And so I am your obedient, humble servant.

Meg. Poh! [*exit Demisou*] An infernal fellow! his tongue clacks like a mill. I believe I was wrong

not to kill myself, yesterday, in that other inn:—I should have done it more comfortably there than here. (*picks a pistol from his pocket, and examines it*) Hold, though;—let me reflect a little:—I am, here, in France; and may it not be supposed, by the people here, that I destroy'd myself in this country, because I have committed something which has made me afraid to stay in my own? Damn it, I must take care of that! It is the pride of a true Englishman to be able to lay his hand upon his heart, and say, "I defy our foreign neighbours to charge me with a dishonourable action."—After all, have I any reason to kill myself?—Let me see: it is about thirty years since I have been always rich, and always miserable. I tried Love; that made me uneasy, and jealous—Play; that made me passionate:—Wine; that made me drunk, and gave me the head-ach—Then I travell'd over Europe; but still I was melancholy. Russia's too cold; Italy's too hot; Holland's too dull; France is too gay. In short, I have, always, been in the pursuit of pleasure, and have never been able to catch it. Always, day after day, the same tedious circle, of getting up, walking about, going to dinner, going to bed, and going to sleep, over and over, and over again!—Poh! life gets stale. I must by way of novelty, just kill myself, to enliven me. But, for the honour of my country, that it mayn't be thought I died like a coward, I'll write down all my reflections. I was right not to kill myself yesterday, for I should have lost this lucky idea, to-day.—Landlord!

Enter Demisou.

Demi. What do you want, my lord?

Meg. Pshaw! none of your lords.

Demi. Sir, then.

Meg. None of your sirs, neither

Demi. What am I to say then :

Meg. To say ? Why say, " What do you want ? " short and blunt.

Demi. But that's not polite

Meg. No matter.

Demi. Oh, just as you please.—What do you want ? *(gruffly.)*

Meg. That's right.—Pen, ink, and paper.

Demi. Here it is, but if you would but have stepped into another apartment, you would have found a writing table, and every thing proper.

Meg. Teasing blockhead !—Landlord !

Demi. Well ?

Meg. I have a writing to draw up.

Demi. A writing ?—then I can recommend you a good attorney.

Meg. An attorney ! *(in a passion)* Master Landlord !

Demi. Sir.

Meg. Do me one favour : Get out.

Demi. What ! you wish to be alone

Meg. I do.

Demi. Oh, very well ; I don't mean to intrude, but as I'm going out, on a little law business, of my own, I could tell my attorney to attend you.

Meg. What for ?

Demi. To draw up your writing.

Meg. I shall draw up my writings myself.

Demi. Only, in these matters, all depends on good counsel ; and in this town you may pick and choose.

Meg. Aye, aye ; tis just the same thing.

Demi. An attorney, you know, sir, in great practice, and cheating one——

Meg. 'Tis just the same thing.

Demi. Hum!—That's what people think of attorneys, I believe, in most countries. Well, have it your own way. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

Meg. Very well.

Demi. The strangest man I ever saw in my life!
[*exit Demisou.*]

Meg. Damn this blockhead, he plagues me beyond all endurance. Now then for writing. (*sits down.*

Enter James.

James. Master Demisou be just gone out. If I could, now, but take a last leave of poor Miss Annette. I'll go and find her. Poor little dear heart she'll cry her sweet pretty eyes out. For my part, I be sure, I shall never bear it. For certain, I must die.

Meg. Die? (*overhearing the last word.*

James. Yes, this be my last day.

Meg. Is it? Egad, then, I shall have a companion. 'Tis very lucky I didn't kill myself yesterday.

James. Well, I'll go, and—

Meg. Hollo! my good friend! be so kind as to stop a minute or two, will you?

James. What be I to stop for?

Meg. I shall have done writing in an instant, and then, we can go together.

James. Dang it, I do see no necessity for that.

Meg. Necessity! no, but it will be more agreeable.

James. Under favour now, 'twill be more agreeable to I, to go by myself.

Meg. Will it? what have you no symptoms of fear then, no little sort of a tremor?—no kind of—eh?

James. Fear of what?

Meg. Why of the—the object you have in view

James. No, not I ; I do love the object too well, to be frighten'd.

Meg. (*getting up, and taking James's hand*) Have you, really, then, my good friend—really—reasons for desiring that object ?

James. Have I ?—Thousands ;—bushels !

Meg. So have I.

James. You !

Meg. Yes

James. Indeed ! I didn't know that.

Meg. Then I'll tell it you. I mean to finish the job, in less than half an hour.

James. The devil, you do !

Meg. Look ye, my good friend ; last night, I was within an ace of accomplishing my wishes.

James. You was ?

Meg. Yes ; but I am glad now that I defer'd it.

James. You be ? So be I too !

Meg. Certainly ; for having both, as you say, the same object in view, why we may embrace the object together

James. Together !

Meg. Aye ; or I will first, to set you a good example.

James. Zounds, and the devil ! I shall choke with rage ! Harkye, me Mr —do you know the person, you be talking so familiarly about ?

Meg. The person !—Oh he means Death, I suppose. (*aside*) No ; not yet ; but I shall very shortly.

James. But I'd have you to know, that I do.

Meg. You do know the person ?

James. Yes ;—been acquainted, upwards of three months.

Meg. A damn'd lying companion, I shall have by the bye ; to tell me he has been dead above a quarter of a year ! Why, friend, 'tis impossible !

James. That may be ; but it is very true And I

will cram the teeth of him down his throat, who dare to belye her ; for she be as honest a girl as ever trod upon the ground.

Meg. A girl ! who ?

James. Why, Annette, to be sure.

Meg. A net ! what the devil do you mean by a net ?

James. Why the person you spoke so shamefully of just now.

Meg. Why, zounds, man, do you call death, a net, then ?

James. Death !

Meg. Yes ; why, what was it you said, just now, when you came in ?

James. What did I say ? why, that if so be I lost my poor, dear Annette, I should make a die on't, outright

Meg. Why, then, you—you are not determined, it seems to kill yourself.

James. To kill myself !—Mercy on me ! what for ?

Meg. Why, to put an end to your sufferings to be sure.

James. Pshaw, man ! you be a laughing at me. It be only cowards that be afraid to face misfortunes

Meg. Cowards ! What do you think, then, that the world would tax a man with cowardice, after his death, who has had the resolution to——eh ?

James. A coward ? What a dickens care I, what people do say, when I be dead, and gone Putting the case, that the world ha' been my enemy, why need I trouble my head about what my enemy says of me, when I be no longer able to hear him ?

Meg. I did very wrong, not to kill myself last

night. I should have escaped the mortification, of finding a clown wiser than myself, this morning. What is it, then, makes you uneasy?

James. Because I be in love.

Meg. Does the girl you love, love you, if return?

James. Hugely.

Meg. You're a happy fellow

James. I be a miserable dog

Meg. Impossible!—a man, who loves, and is beloved—

James. Pooh mun!—there be something else wanting, beside that, to make I happy.

Meg. Aye—And what—what is wanting, my good fellow, to make you happy? (kindly)

James. Why, possession, to be sure

Meg. Why don't you take her, then?

James. Her father do trundle I out of doors, because I be poor.

Meg. Poor!—And is that all?

James. Ifackins, and that be enough.

Meg. How much money would be enough, to obtain the girl?

James. Oh, it be a large sum!—I might as soon look to be made a king, as to get it. It be two hundred louis-d'ors.

Meg. And that would make you happy?

James. Happy!—I do verily think, 'twould make me jump out of my skin, for joy.

Meg. And your mistress happy too?

James. Pshaw!—there be a question!—How should I be so, if Annette wasn't happy too?

Meg. Stay a minute (pulling out his pocket-book) I give you—stay—aye here they are—I make you a present of two hundred louis d'ors

James. What!

Meg. They are good notes.—any banking-house there, will discount them.

James. I—I——

Meg. What's the matter ?

James. Heaven prosper you !—I be so—so overglad, I—I—I don't know, whether I should throw myself at your feet—

Meg. Pshaw !—that's wrong.

James. Or into your arms.

Meg. That's right. (they embrace)

James. I do owe you my life.

Meg. Pish !—that's nothing.

James. I do owe you my happiness.

Meg. Ave, that's every thing.

James. Without you, I had lost Annette. I were going, in despair, to enlist in the sea service.

Meg. Indeed !

James. Yes ;—I would have risk'd my life, boldly.

Meg. That's a fine lad

James. And if I had faced the brave Englishmen——

Meg. How, you dog !—Englishmen ?

James. Eh !—Oh—What, you be one ?—I see—I see—I be ruin'd—Take back the money—It be no longer mine, I suppose

Meg. Harkye, my good fellow. Let a man of any nation, under the sun, attack the glory and liberty of Old England, and he is my enemy :—let his distress call for my assistance, and he becomes my countryman. Away, and make yourself happy.

James. Heaven bless you ! [exit James.]

Meg. I was quite right, not to kill myself, yesterday : I should have lost the pleasure, to-day, of doing a charitable action.

Enter Annette.

Annet. Sure, I heard James's voice !—I don't see him here, neither

Meg. Eh !—That's a pretty little creature ! What are you looking for, Mademoiselle ?

Annet. Monsieur !—Oh dear !—I beg pardon for intruding

Meg. No, no, you don't intrude at all—She's very pretty.

Annet. I beg pardon, indeed, sir, for—sir, your servant

Meg. Stay—stay a minute. Come here, my dear. *(going)*

Annet. Sir—

Meg. Why, you tremble, child : you look flurried.

Annet. So I am, sir.

Meg. Aye ! and for what

Annet. Oh, I must not tell that, sir,

Meg. Nay, nay, let me hear the—

Annet. Dear ! my heart beats like any thing !

Meg. Poor little heart !—and what is it makes it beat so ?

Annet. Ah, sir !

Meg. Well ?

Annet. Indeed, sir, I am so sincere—

Meg. Are you ?—That's an extraordinary thing in a woman, my dear

Annet. So sincere, sir, that I don't know how to disguise any thing in the world.

Meg. Well, well—there's no harm in that, child ; on the contrary, the quality is a good one.

Annet. And so, sir, in coming here to see, sir—to see—

Meg. Well—out with it.

Annet. To see him—

Meg. Well, him—

Annet. Him that I love, sir.

(courtscying.)

Meg. Zounds ! she loves me !—

(aside.)

Annet. I could not keep a command of myself, sir—and so—that's all, sir.

Meg. And is this true, child?

Annet. Too true, sir,—'tis that makes me so unhappy.

Meg. Why should it make you unhappy?

Annet. Why?—Only think of being in love, at my age, sir!

Meg. Pray, then, how old are you, my dear?

Annet. I shall be eighteen, sir, come next Friday fortnight.

Meg. That's a very charming age, indeed!

Annet. And to love without hope, you know, sir.

Meg. Nay, nay, child, I did not say that.

Annet. 'Tis not the less true, though, I assure you,

Meg. An amiable creature, like you, can never be without hope.

Annet. Dear, now sir, you flatter me.

Meg. I never stoop'd to flatter any body, in my life, child.—But, tell me, now, sincerely, is not this all a joke?

Annet. No, indeed, and upon my word, sir.

Meg. It is very astonishing!—But I believe it, since you say it. Oh James Megrim, James Megrim! who would have thought this, at your time of life! And, how came you to fall in love, so suddenly, my dear?

Annet. I, sir, sure it does not take such a deal of time, to fall in love. The first sight of my James, did so set my heart a beating.

Meg. Of James!

Annet. I'm sure, sir, without James, I should never be able to live.

Meg. Then you have heard the name?

Annet. Heard it! Aye, sure, and from his own very mouth.

Meg. Ha—she listen'd then, when I told my name to the landlord.—Poor soul! how deeply she is smitten! And what was it that struck you so forcibly, my dear?

Annet. Oh, every thing.

Meg. Indeed!

Annet. First, his figure, sir

Meg. You think it interesting, perhaps?

Annet. Aye, that it is, indeed, sir.

Meg. (*bowing*) Very handsome upon my word.

Annet. O, very handsome, indeed, sir! then his eyes, do look so languishing!

Meg. Nay, come, come—damn it, not so very languishing neither.

Annet. O, indeed, but they do, though!

Meg. How blind is a girl in love, at eighteen! for my part, I never saw any thing, so particularly striking in my eyes, now!

Annet. Then, he has so much honesty—so much frankness, sir.

Meg. Aye, aye, aye—for frankness, he has enough of that, I grant you.

Annet. And, I'll be sworn, upon a book, he has the best heart in the world, sir.

Meg. It is not a heart inclined to do ill, I believe, my dear.

Annet. No, that I'm sure, it is not, sir.

Meg. But how came you to know that, child?

Annet. La, sir, the smallest trifles in the world, can show that.

Meg. Why, that's very true; trifles often mark a man's character

Annet. And, then, his talk is so agreeable, and so pleasant.

Meg. Oh! you are too good—you are, upon my soul!

Annet. No indeed—indeed, sir!—Tho' I'm in love, I do but speak justice.

Meg. Oh! she's over head and ears!—a plain case.

Annet. But, to be obliged, to give him up, after all!

Meg. Give him up!—but why should you give him up?

Annet. Ah, James!—you are going to leave me!—going to-day, perhaps, or to-morrow! Heigho!

Meg. Nay, nay, be composed child. Dry your tears; a man of honour can never abuse the power he has obtained over the heart of an innocent young creature. There are no obstacles in a case like this, that may not be surmounted.

Annet. Ah, sir!—there spoke the very soul of him I love. But, sure enough, there is an obstacle, and a sad one, too.

Meg. What is the obstacle.

Annet. Want of money.

Meg. Pooh! a trifle.

Annet. And, then my father——

Meg. I'll engage that he shall consent to the union.

Annet. Dear!—can it be?

Meg. You are lovely, amiable, and have the tenderest heart! 'tis in my power, to give you happiness, and your James shall marry you.

Annet. Shall he! dear, sir! then, I shall be bound to love you for ever and ever.

Meg. And will you?

Annet. With all my heart and soul, I will.

Meg. So much love will not be ill requited.—Where shall I find your father?

Annet. He is the landlord of this hotel, sir.

Meg. What! the man, whose tongue is going from morning to night?

Annet. My poor father does like to talk a little, sir, that's a sure thing.

Meg. Well, then, now 'tis my turn to talk to him. I will make the proposal, pay down all the money, that's wanted, on the nail, and——

Annet. Hark!—I hear my father coming——

Meg. Then, leave me alone with him a little! adieu! my sweet girl, adieu!

Annet. Heaven bless you, sir! Ah, James! what happiness do I now prepare for you. [*exit Annette.*]

Meg. Thank you, my angel, a thousand times thank you!—I was quite right not to kill myself yesterday.—If I had, I could never have been married to-day.

Enter Demisou.

Demi. Ruin'd, past redemption! that tartar of a wine merchant is coming directly to seize my goods.—How to prevent their carrying off, I——

Meg. (*sitting down*) Hark ye, master landlord.—A word with you, if you please.

Demi. Your commands, sir?

Meg. An extraordinary circumstance has happened in your house, you must know.

Demi. (*aside*) Ha!—then the Bailiffs are come, and are got here before me.

Meg. You did not expect, I believe, what I have just learnt?

Demi. Ah, dear, sir!—there's no mixing the matter. I knew it all but too well, before I went out.

Meg. Did you?—Then she has broke the business to her father already, it seems. (*aside.*)

Demi. I'm heartily sorry—heartily sorry, indeed, sir, for putting you to all the inconvenience, and trouble. this unlucky affair must give you,

Meg. Oh, it gives me no trouble at all!—On the contrary, friend, I am glad it has happen'd—I am, upon my soul!

Demi. (*bowing*) Upon my soul, sir, I'm very much obliged to you!—I can't very well see, though, why my misfortune should make you so mighty happy.

Meg. Misfortune!—pooh! 'tis no misfortune, at all, friend.

Demi. I beg your pardon, though; for, I'm sure, 'tis none of my fault.

Meg. Well, well, I don't believe it is.

Demi. I am sure, I have done every thing in my power, to avoid the disgrace.

Meg. Pshaw!—there's no disgrace in the question: nobody knows any thing about it, but your daughter and I.

Demi. Aye—the more her folly for disclosing it.

Meg. Folly! 'twas her destiny—poor thing, she could not help it.

Demi. Aye—and what will be the consequence?

Meg. Why, what will be the consequence?

Demi. Only my ruin—that's all.

Meg. No such thing, I tell you.

Demi. A babbling baggage!—after I had begg'd and pray'd her to be silent—

Meg. Pooh! pooh!—you are wrong. You should let the poor dear girl follow her own inclinations.

Demi. What, when the poor dear girl does a dam'd deal of mischief?

Meg. I see no mischief, now, not I.

Demi. The devil you don't!—Why, shall not I lose my credit?

Meg. Zounds! How?

Demi. How?—Why, don't you think my neighbours would talk of the carrying off?

Meg. Carrying off?—impossible!—My friend, you

don't know me : my nature would never permit such a thing.

Demi. What!—and will you have the goodness, sir, to—

Meg. Yes, yes ; to be sure, I will.—and now I ask your consent, to conclude the whole business directly.

Demi. My dear sir!—this is such a kindness—I'm sure I—I don't know how to thank you—indeed, I don't—but the money, that I want, is—

Meg. Oh, damn the money ! I don't mind that. 'Tis always my way to give, and never to take.

Demi. You have made me the happiest man in the world. Odso ! here's the bailiff, come in the very nick. (*aside.*)

Enter Bailiff.

There, friend—there's the gentleman, that will settle with you.

Meg. What does this fellow want ?

Demi. He comes on the business we have been talking about.

Meg. Oh, then, he is a notary.

Bailiff. A notary !

Enter Annette.

Annet. (*apart to Megrim*) Have you spoke to my father, sir ?

Meg. All's settled :—he consents.

Annet. Dear, I'm so happy !

Meg. And there's the man.

(*pointing to the Bailiff.*)

Annet. What man ?

Meg. To finish the business.

Annet. I don't understand.

Demi. Now, sir, if you will have the goodness to settle—

Meg. Oh, with all my heart.

Bailiff. Here are the papers, the

Meg. (taking them) Why, this is not a contract.

Bailiff. No, 'tis a bond.

Meg. A bond ! but we want a contract.

Demi. A contract ? what, would you have it done, then, in that mode ?

Meg. Eh ? Why, surely, you would not have it done in any other.

Demi. Oh, just as you think proper ; but I thought that my simple acknowledgment——

Meg. Well, well, if your daughter consents to it, in that way, 'tis the same to me.

Demi. Why, what does her consent signify ?

Meg. A great deal. Do you think I would do any thing by force ?

Demi. Well, but, sir, in paying——

Meg. (with indignation) In paying ?

Bailiff. Aye, aye ; the gentleman don't understand. but that's our method, here——But there——there's the bill, and there's the receipt.

Meg. Receipt for what ?

Bailiff. For the two hundred Louis d'ors.

Meg. Why, what the plague ! am I to pay two hundred Louis d'ors for your daughter ?

Demi. For my daughter ? Zounds ! no,—'tis for me.

Meg. For you ? Go to the devil !

Demi. Why, didn't you say that——

Meg. To be sure, I did say : I said that your daughter had fallen in love with me ; that she would have me, and, that I was willing to take her.

Annet. Dear ! what, I ?

Meg. Yes ; you told me so yourself.

Annet. Mercy !

Demi. Damn me, if ever you told me a word of it. You said, you would pay the two hundred Louis d'ors, that I owed

Meg. Then this is not the notary, after all, with the contract of marriage?

Demi. I understand nothing about marriage, not I.

Meg. Why, I tell you that I'll marry you, do or die.

Demi. You!

Meg. Yes; and settle on her all I am worth.

Demi. My dear sir! Why this is a luckless business, the other! I only ask'd for a sum, to prevent the seizure of my goods.

Meg. Of your goods? Oh, you shall have them in a minute. How much have I to pay, friend?

Bailiff. Nothing at all, sir, you have paid me all ready.

Meg. I paid you!

Bailiff. Yes; you sent me the money an hour ago, and I'm come to give you up the papers.

Meg. Why, damme, you're mad.

Bailiff. Mad!

Meg. I never sent you a farthing.

Bailiff. I have received it, for all that.

Demi. And who brought it to you?

Bailiff. Your waiter.

Demi. My waiter!

Annet. He!—Dear how glad I am!

Bailiff. Well, well—there are all the writings. Settle it, among yourselves;—I have business. Your servant. [Exit Bailiff.]

Demi. Why, what's the meaning of all this?

Meg. I don't understand.

Demi. Nor I.

Annet. Nor I.

Enter James.

Ann. My good, kind friend!

James. My dear Annette!

Meg. Zounds ! these two look mightily languishing at one another.

Demi. Is it you, then, that have done me this piece of service ? (to James.)

James. Why, I have had the good luck to give you a helping hand, as a body may say.

Demi. And where did you get the money :

James. That kind gentleman, there, gave it to I. (pointing to Megrim) I know'd no better use for it than getting you out of misfortune.

Demi. My good fellow !—I—I don't know what return I can make you.

James. Ah ! the return be in your power, if you please. (pointing to Annette.)

Meg. Oh ! the devil !

James. This kind gentleman did promise to speak a good word for me.

Meg. What, is this she, then, that—

James. Aye.

Meg. I'm sorry for it.

James. Be you ?

Meg. You can't have her

James. No ! Why ?

Meg. She's in love with me.

Annet. I !

Meg. Yes ; did not you tell me, that your heart beat like any thing ; and that you were in love ?

Annet. Yes, with him. (pointing to James.)

Meg. With him ?

Annet. Aye, sure :—Who should it be, but my own, poor James ?

Meg. James !—Zounds ! the same name !—I was wrong, not to kill myself, last night : I should not have made such an ass of myself to-day.

James. Nay, then, I see how it be—I must Jose Annette, at last ; it be my duty, to give up to my

benefactor. Heaven bless you, Annette ; and may you be as happy as I be unfortunate ! *(going.*

Meg. Stay, stay, stay, my friend !—I can't find in my heart to do a cruel action. Take her ;—you shall not want a marriage portion :—and, in giving happiness to others, I begin to find the best method of securing my own.

James & Annet. Ah ! sir !

Meg. No thanks ;—I rather owe them to you.

All. You !

Meg. Indeed, I do, my good friends. I have, hitherto, been sick of life, because I experienced nothing but its disgusts. You have now taught me to relish its pleasures. After searching, far and wide, I, at length, know where to find them : and I now discover, that the greatest, and purest pleasure, a rich man can enjoy, is assisting his poorer fellow creatures, and catching all opportunities of doing a
BENEVOLENT ACTION.

END OF THE BLUE DEVILS

THE SPOIL'D CHILD:

A Farce,
IN TWO ACTS,
BY PRINCE HOARE.

CORRECTLY GIVEN,
AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW-YORK THEATRE.



NEW-YORK:

Published by CHARLES WILEY, No. 3, Wall-street,
And H. C. CAREY & I. LEA, and M^CCARTY & DAVIS.
Philadelphia, and SAML. H. PARKER. Boston.

1824.

G. F. Hopkins, printer, 48 Pine-street.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



New-York, 1806.

Little Pickle	Mrs. Jones
Old Pickle	Mr. Hogg.
Tagg	Mr. Martin.
John	Mr. Robinson.
Miss Pickle	Mrs. Simpson.
Maria	Miss Graham.
Margery	Miss White.

The passages marked thus (") are omitted in the representation.

is there a day passes that I don't break my shins over stumbling blocks, that he lays in my way? so that I live as if I were in an enemy's country—mines all over the rooms, and ambuscades in every passage.

Miss P. Your house too, turned inside out; the table broke, the furniture spoiled.

Old P. Furniture spoiled! why there is not a door but is armed with a bason of water, on top, and left just a jar; so that egad I can't walk over my own house, without running the risk of being wet through.

Miss P. Yet, you still pardon and forgive, and forgive and pardon; till your authority will become as ridiculous in his eyes, as your childish partiality is already in those of all your acquaintance. But no wonder the child's spoil'd, since you superintend his education yourself—you indeed!

Old P. Sister, sister, don't provoke me; at any rate I have wit enough to conceal my ignorance. I don't pretend to write verses and nonsense as some folks do.

Miss P. Now would you rail at me for the disposition I was born with? can I help it, if the gods have made me poetical, as the divine bard says?

Old P. Made you poetical indeed! you have made yourself the dupe of every rhyming puppy. 'Blood, if from your birth, you had any claim to this: if you had been born in a street near a college; ay, or even next door to a day school, I might not have been so surprised. But, damn it, madam, in the middle of the minories, what had you to do with poetry and stuff?

Miss P. Provoking ignorance!

Old P. Have not you rendered yourself the sneer of all your acquaintance? are your best and dearest friends ever so happy as when they are abusing and

laughing at you, with your refined intercourse with Mr. Tagg, the author, a fellow that strolls about the country, spouting and acting in every barn he comes to? was not he once found concealed in your closet, to the utter scandal of my house, and the ruin of your reputation?

Miss P. If you had the smallest spark of taste, you would admire the effusions of Mr. Tagg's pen; and be enchanted at his admirable acting as much as I am.

Old P. D'ye tell me I can't educate my own child? why I can make a lord chancellor, or an archbishop of Canterbury of him, which ever I like, just as I please.

(in repeating the last words, Pickle leans upon the table, which suddenly slides to the end of the stage, Pickle falls down)

Miss P. How's this! I'll lay my life, this is another trick of that little mischievous wretch.

Old P. An ungrateful little rascal! to serve me such a trick, just as I had made an archbishop of him! but as he can't be far off, I'll immediately correct him. Here, Thomas—*(going out, he meets Thomas and servants bringing in dinner)* But, adso, here's dinner: well, I'll defer my severity till that's over: but if I don't make him suffer for this trick, say my name is not Pickle. *(they sit down to table, Pickle cuts up the pheasant)* Sister, this is the first pheasant we have had this season—it looks well; shall I help you? they say anger makes a man dry, but mine has made me hungry. Sister, here's a wing for you, and some of the breast.

Enter Susan, a cook maid, in haste.

Susan. Oh dear, sir! oh dear, ma'am! oh dear, stop!

Old P. Stop, sir—madam—why, what ails the girl? what's the matter?

Susan. Oh, sir, my young master—ma'am the parrot—ma'am—oh dear!

Old P. Parrot, and young master! what the devil does the girl mean?

Miss P. Mean! why as sure as I live, that vile boy has been hurting my poor bird. *(gets up.)*

Susan. Hurting! no indeed, ma'am; I'll tell you the whole truth; I was not to blame, indeed I was not, ma'am; besides, I am morally certain, 'twas the strange cat that kill'd it this morning.

Miss P. How! kill'd it, say you? go on let's hear.

Susan. Why, ma'am, the truth is—I did but just step out of the kitchen for a moment, but in comes my young master, whips the pheasant that was roasting for dinner, from off the spit, and claps down your ladyship's parrot, picked and trussed in its place.

Old P. The parrot—the devil!

Miss P. Oh the monster—savage—my poor dear creature!

Old P. What the plague? a young dog—did he want to poison us with old Poll?

Susan. And so, ma'am, I kept a basting, and a basting, and never thought I was basting poor Poll, till just now, I found the pheasant, and all the parrot's feathers, hid in the chicken cupboard.

Miss P. Oh my sweet, my beautiful young bird—I had just taught it to talk, too!

Old P. You taught it to talk! it taught you to talk, you mean. I'm sure it was old enough, for it was hatched in the hard frost.

Miss P. Well, brother, what excuse now; but run, Susan, and d'ye hear, take John and—

Enter John, slowly and lame, his face and leg bound up.

Oh, John, here is a piece of business!

John. (in a country dialect) Ay, ma'am, sure eno' what, you have heard, I see; business indeed, ma'am; the poor thing will never recover.

Miss P. (joyfully) What, John, is it a mistake of Susan's—is it still alive? but where, where is it, John?

John. Safe in stable, an' it was as sound—made her a hot mash, would not touch it; so crippled, will never have a leg to put to ground again!

Old P. No, I'll swear to that—for here's one of them. (holding up a leg upon a fork.)

Miss P. What does the fool mean? hot mash and stable—tell me of the parrot, stupid.

John. (drawing) Parrot, ma'am!

Miss P. Speak, idiot; what, what is in the stable; what are you talking of?

John. Master's favourite mare, Daisy, ma'am, poor thing.

Old P. (alarmed) What! how! any thing the matter with Daisy—I would not part with her, for—

John. Ay, sir, quite done up—won't fetch five pounds, at next fair.

Miss P. This dunce's ignorance distracts me; come along, Susan. [exit.]

Old P. Why, what can it be; what the devil ails her?

John. Why, sir, the long and short of the whole affair is, as how—he's cut me too, all across the face—mercy if I don't lose my eye.

Old P. This cursed fellow, will drive me mad, the mare, the mare, you scoundrel, the mare!

John. Yes, sir, the mare—then, too, my shins: master Salye, the surgeon, says I must 'noint them wi—

Old P. Plague of your shins you dog: what's the matter with the mare?

S POIL'D CHILD

ACT I

John. Well, sir, then, as I was coming home this morning with letters; moreover, I had the charge of a message to your honour from the two magpies.

Old P. Well, well, I know—go on.

John. Coming over Black Down, what does I see, but young master tearing over the turf upon Daisy, so I calls to him, to stop—tho' your honour had forbid him to ride her—but what does he, but smack his whip full in my face, and dash over the gate into Stoney lane.

Old P. Stoney lane—well, what—and so——

John. Well, sir, I'll tell you, farmer Flail met them, and had but just time to save himself in a hedge, before smack, mare and master comes down over a stone heap.

Old P. Oh, rained! undone!

John. Ay, sir, poor thing, she'll never crawl again, so cut; but what's the worst of the story——

Old P. What! any thing worse? how! hey, what?

John. Oh yes, sir, much worse; when I rated him about it, he snatches up Tom Carter's long whip, and lays me so over the legs; and before I could catch hold of him, he dlipt out of the stable, and was off like a shot.

Old P. Well, if ever I forgive him this—~~er~~ I'll send him this moment back to school—school zounds, I'll send him to sea

Enter Miss Pickle.

Miss P. Well, brother, here comes your precious child; he's muttering all the way up stairs to himself; some fresh mischief, I warrant.

Old P. Ay, here he comes: stand back, let's watch him; though I never can contain my passion long.

(they retire up the stage.)

Enter little Pickle.

Lit. P. Well, so far all goes on rarely. Dinner

must be near ready. Old Poll will taste well, I dare say—parrot and bread sauce; they suppose they are going to have a nice young pheasant; an old parrot's a great rarity, I'm sure—I can't help thinking how devilish tough the drumsticks will be—a fine piece of work aunt will make, when 'tis found out; ecod, for aught I know, that may be better far than t'other—no doubt, Sukey will tell, and John

always tell tell, tell, I only wish I could catch 'em at school once, that's all—I'd pay 'em well for it, I'd be bound. Oh, ho, here they are, and as I live, my father and aunt—its all out, I see—to be sure I've not got into a fine scrape now. I almost wish I was safe back at school again. *(they come forward)* Oh sir, how do you do, sir: I was just coming to—

Old P. Come, come, no fooling now; how dare you look me in the face after the mischief you have done.

Lil. P. Mischief, sir, what mischief? but pray tell me, sir, what have I done?

Old P. This impudence provokes me beyond all—is it nothing to behave as you do? distract my house, beat my servants; will nothing but my ruin satisfy you. You knew the value I set upon that mare you have spoil'd forever.

Lil. P. But, sir, hear me—indeed I was not so much to blame, sir, not so very much.

Miss P. Don't aggravate your faults, by pretending to excuse them—no, thank heaven, nothing can ever make me good humoured again—never, never, sirrah, how was it?

Lil. P. Dear sir I own I was unfortunate; but I had heard you often complain how wild and vicious Daisy was: and indeed, sir, I never saw you ride

her, but I trembled lest some sad accident might befall you.

Old P. Well, and what's all this to the purpose?

Lit. P. And so, sir, I resolved, sooner than you should suffer, to venture my own neck, and so try to tame her for you; that was all, sir! and so I was no sooner mounted, but off she set—I could not help that, you know, sir, and so this misfortune happened—but indeed, sir—

Old P. Come, child, don't deceive me; could I be sure this was your motive—

Lit. P. Indeed, indeed, sir

Old P. And that it is purely love and regard to your old father, that makes you thus teaze and torment him? perhaps I might be inclined to—

John. Yes, sir; but 'twas no love and regard to I, made him beat me so.

Lit. P. John, you know you were to blame; sir, indeed the truth is, John was scolding me for it, and when I told him, as I have told you, why I did it, he said that it was no business of mine, and that if your neck was broke, 'twas no such great matter—

Old P. What, no matter to have my neck broke?

Lit. P. No, sir, so he said; and I was vexed to hear him speak so of you; and I believe I might take up the whip, and gave him a cut or two on the legs; it could not hurt him much.

Old P. Well, child, I believe I must forgive you, and so shall John too—there, he is sorry he has hurt you, and will contrive to requite you some way or other, I warrant.

Miss P. And so, my injuries are to remain undressed, but I will not be so treated; unless your boy is sent away instantly, I'll quit your house.

Old P. Ay, ay, I had forgot poor Poll; what did you roast the parrot for, you young dog?

Lit. P. Why, sir, I knew you and my aunt were so fond of it, that I thought she would like to see it well dressed; but, dear aunt you must be angry with me, and you think, with reason.

Miss P. Don't speak to me; I am not so weak as your father, whatever you may think.

Lit. P. But, indeed, aunt, you must hear me; had I not loved you as I do, I should not have thus offended you; but 'twas merely my regard for your character.

John. Character!—ha, ha!

(little Pickle beats John off, and returns.)

Lit. P. Why, dear aunt, I always heard that ladies never kept parrots or lap-dogs, till they could no longer keep their lovers; and when at school, I told 'em you had a parrot, the boys all said, then you must be a foolish old maid.

Miss P. Indeed! impudent young wretches!

Lit. P. Yes, aunt, and so I resolved you should no longer be thought so; for I think you are a great deal too young, and too handsome, for an old maid.

(taking her hand.)

Old P. Come, sister, faith you must forgive him; no female heart can withstand that.

Miss P. Brother, you know I can forgive where I see occasion; but though these faults are thus excused, how will you answer to a charge of scandal and ill-nature?

Lit. P. Ill-nature, madam! I'm sure nobody can accuse me of that.

Miss P. How will you justify the report you spread of my being locked up in my closet with Mr. Tagg, the author; can you defend so vile an attempt to injure my dear reputation?

Old P. What! that too, I suppose, was from your care of her character; and so to hinder your aunt

from being thought an old maid, you locked her up in her closet, with this author, as he is called.

Lit. P. Nay, indeed, dear madam, I beseech you, 'twas no such thing—all I said was, you were amusing yourself in your closet, with a favourite author.

Miss P. I amuse myself in my closet with a favourite author—worse and worse.

Old P. Sister, have patience—hear.

Miss P. I am ashamed to hear you support the boy in such insolence, I indeed who am scrupulous to a fault, but no longer will I remain subject to such impertinence. I'll quit your house, sir, and you shall quit all claim to my fortune. This moment I will alter my will, and leave my money to a stranger, sooner than to your family. *[Exit.]*

Old P. Leave my house and her money to a stranger—oh the three per cent. consols! oh the India stock!—go, go, child, fly, throw yourself at your aunt's feet, implore her pardon—say any thing to please her—I shall run distracted! oh, those consols!

Lit. P. I am gone, sir; shall I say she may die as soon as she pleases; but she must not leave her money to a stranger. *[Exit laughing.]*

Old P. Ay, ay, there's a good boy; say any thing to please her, that will do very well, say she may die as soon as she pleases; but she must not leave her money to a stranger. Sure never was man so tormented. Well, I thought when my poor dear wife, Mrs. Pickle died, and left me a disconsolate widower, I stood some chance of being a happy man, but I know not how it is, I could bear the vexation of my wife's bad temper, better than this woman's;—all my married friends were as miserable as myself, that was some relief, but now; faith here she comes, in a fine ill humour no doubt.

Enter Miss Pickle.

Miss P. Brother, I have given directions for my departure, and am now come to tell you, I will persist in my design unless you this moment adopt the scheme I yesterday proposed for my nephew's amendment.

Old P. Why, my dear sister, you know there is nothing I would not readily do to satisfy and appease you; but for heaven's sake, reflect on what a dangerous experiment you are now driving me—to abandon my only child; to pretend that he is not mine, and to receive a beggar's brat into my arms, impossible.

Miss P. Very well, sir, then I am gone. (*going.*)

Old P. Stop, sister, stop—was ever man so used; how long is this scheme of yours to last? how long am I to be deprived of him?

Miss P. How long. why, until he is brought duly to reflect on his bad behaviour, which nothing will induce him to do, so soon as thinking himself no longer your son, but the child of poor parents. I yesterday spoke to Margaret, his old nurse, and she fully comprehends the whole affair.

Old P. But why, in addition to the quitting my ~~own~~ child, am I to have the torment of receiving ~~others~~. Won't the sending him away be sufficient.

Miss P. Unless the plot is managed my way, I will have nothing to say to it, but be gone. Can't you see that his distress, at losing his situation, will be augmented by seeing it possessed by another. Come, come, brother, a week's purgatory will reform him, depend upon it.

Old P. Why to be sure, as you say, 'twill reform him, and as we shall have our eyes upon him all the while,—and Margaret was his own nurse.

Miss P. You may be sure she will take care of

Where'er I go, what'er my lowly state,
 Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
 Perhaps, when musing o'er my cruel fate,
 You still may greet me with a tender tear.
 Ah then forgive me, &c. [*exunt.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I. A PARLOUR.

Enter Miss Pickle and Margery.

Mar. And so, as I was telling your ladyship, poor little master does so take it to heart, and so weep and wail, it almost makes me cry to hear him.

Miss P. Well, well, since he begins already to repent, his punishment shall be but short; but have you brought your boy with you?

Mar. Ay, have I—poor Tommy; he came from aboard a ship, but now; and is so grown and altered—sure enough, he believes every word I have told him, as your honour ordered me—and I warrant he is so sheepish and shamefaced—but here comes my master, he has heard it already——

Enter old Pickle.

But my lady, shall I fetch my poor Tommy to you?—he's waiting without.

Old P. What, that ill looking young rascal in the hall—he with the jacket and trowsers?

Mar. Ay, your honour. What then you have seen him?

Old P. Seen him, ay, and felt him too—the booby met me bolt at the corner—run his cursed carrotty pole full in my face, and has loosened half the teeth in my head, I believe.

Mar. Poor lad, he's a sailor, and but awkward as

yet, and so shy I warrant ye;—but will your honour be kind to him?

Old P. Kind to him—why I am to pass for his father, am not I?

Mar. Ay, I wish your honour had been poor Tommy's father. but no such luck for me, as I say to my husband.

Old P. Indeed your husband is very much obliged to you, and so am I.

Mar. And is he then to be a fine young gentleman, and your honour's son?

Old P. Eh, what, my son? no, no, no, not so. I shall have this cursed Tommy palmed upon me, by and bye, for my own child.

Miss P. Why, brother; the woman knows that well enough already. Has she not had her instructions from me?

Mar. Yes, I know 'tis only make believe: but do your honour, let me see my poor Tommy once dressed in his fine smart clothes?

Old P. Damn me, I don't half like that Tommy.

Miss P. But now go and fetch him here to us—I should like much to see him.

Mar. Do you, madam, speak kindly to him; for my poor boy is so daunted, he'll never dare look in our honour's face.

Old P. Face! I hope he won't look quite so close to mine again.

Mar. He's quite dashed, indeed, madam. [*exit.*]

Old P. Yes, and he has dashed some of my teeth out, plague on him.

Miss P. Now, Mr. Pickle, I insist upon your observing a proper decorum and behaviour towards his poor lad—observe the condescension of my deportment. Methinks I feel a strange inclination already in his favour: perhaps I may advance him,

by and bye, to be my page; shall I, brother?—*ph*, here he comes, and I declare, as prepossessing a countenance as ever I saw.

Enter little Pickle, dressed as a sailor, with Margery.

Miss P. Come hither, child—was there ever such an engaging air.

Mar. Go, Tommy, do as you are bid, there's a good boy; thank his honour for his goodness to you.

Lit. P. Be you the old fellow that's just come to be my father?

Old P. (aside) Old fellow! he's devilish dashed, to be sure—down in the mouth, quoth a—the most impudent young dog I ever saw—yes, I am the old fellow, as you call it—will you be a good child?

Lit. P. Ay, but what will you give me—must I be a good boy for nothing?

Old P. (mimicking) Good for nothing! nay, that I'll swear you are already: but I must dissemble a little. *(aside)* Well, and how long have you been come home from sea, eh? how do you like a sailor's life?

Song—Little Pickle.

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, sir;
Of all the lives I ever lead,
A sailor's life for me, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo! yeo, yeo, yeo!
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
We o'er the ocean roam, sir,
In every clime we find a port,
In every port a home, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh
 Each hastens to his gun, sir,
 We make the boasting Frenchmen fly
 And bang the haughty dons, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdued once more on shore,
 We spend our cash with glee, sir,
 And when all's gone, we drown our care,
 And out again to sea, sir.

Yeo, yeo, yeo! yeo, yeo, yeo!
 And when all's gone, again to sea,
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.

Old P. So this is the way I'm to be entertained in future, with fore-castle jokes, and tarpaulin songs.

Miss P. Brother, do not speak so harshly to the poor lad; he's amongst strangers, and wants encouragement. Come to me, my pretty boy, I'll be your friend.

Lit. P. Friend! Here's an old hulk. Oh, what, you're my grandmother—father, must I not call her granny?

Miss P. Grandmother! is this stupidity or impudence?

Old P. What he wants encouragement, sister—yes, poor soul, he's amongst strangers; he's found out one relation, however, sister. This boy's assurance diverts me; I like him. *(aside.)*

Lit. P. Here's a squall coming! granny's mortish cross. La, father, what makes your mother there, look so foul-weathered?

Miss P. Mother, indeed!

Old P. Oh, nothing at all, my dear, she's the best humoured person in the world; go throw yourself at her feet and ask her for her blessing—perhaps she may give you something.

Lit P. A blessing! I shan't be much richer for

that neither ; I'll throw myself at her feet and ask her for a guinea—(*kneels*)—dear granny, give me your watch. (*catches hold of it*) La, what a pretty one !

Miss P. Stand off, wretch—am I to be robbed, as well as insulted ?

Mar. Fie, child ; learn to behave better.

Lit. P. Behave myself, you old witch—learn you to behave better yourself. What do you do here ? up with your helm, and sheer off—cut and run you old hag. (*beats her off*) I am a young gentleman now, and must not remember poor relations. [*exit.*]

Old P. Well, sister, this plan of yours succeeds, I hope, to your satisfaction. He'll make a mighty pretty page, sister—what an engaging air he has, sister. This is some revenge for her treatment of my poor boy. (*aside*)

Miss P. You may well triumph in the success of your mean artifices. I perceive this to be all a contrivance, and the boy is taught to insult me thus—but, sir, others may know my value, though you choose to remain in ignorance of it ; and ere long, sir, I can tell you, you may repent of this unparalleled treatment of unprotected innocence. [*exit.*]

Old P. Others know her value ! what, she means her lover, the player man, I suppose—but I'll watch her, and her consols too ; and if I catch him again in my house, it shall be his last appearance this season, I can tell him that ; and the next part he plays shall be captain Macheath, in the prison scene, egad. [*exit.*]

Enter little Pickle.

Lit. P. There they go—ha, ha, ha ! my scheme has gone on rarely, rather better than their's, I think—blessings on the old nurse for consenting to it. I'll teach them to turn people out of doors. Let

"I see, what trick shall I play them now—suppose I set the house on fire? no, no, 'tis too soon for that as yet—that will do very well by and by—Let me hide—I . . . I would . . . I'd die or myself to her and then we might contrive something together nicely—that staircase leads to her room; I'll try and call her. (*goes to the door and listens*) There's no body in the way, hist, hist; Maria, Maria; she hears me—she's coming this way. (*runs and hides himself.*)"

Enter Maria

Maria. Sure somebody called me, (looks round) no, there's nobody here; Neighho, I've almost cry'd myself blind about my poor brother, for so I shall always call him, ay, and love him too. Well, I'll e'en go back and lock myself up in my room, and not see the stupid wretch they have taken into the house, I am resolved. (going.)

Lit. P. (running forward) Maria, sister, stop an instant.

Maria. How's this—~~Maria~~! sister!

Lit. P. What, don't you know me then ; can you so soon have forgotten your brother ?

Maria. My brother Charles, impossible !

Lit. P. 'Tis e'en so, faith; 'twas all a trick about the nurse and child; I coaxed the old woman to confess the whole to me—borrowed this dress as you see, and am returned to plague 'em a little now—that's all. But now you and I must consult together how to revenge ourselves; I'll let 'em see who's the best at tricking.

" *Maria.* Dear Charles, I'm so glad and overjoyed!

Lit. P. Well, well, be glad and overjoyed when you are more at leisure; for now we must proceed to business—let me see—how shall we vex them? what shall it be? you can't contrive to kill yourself

for the loss of me, can you? that would have a fine effect. Is there nothing I can think of? suppose you pretend to fall in love with me, and we run away together?

Maria. That will do admirably. Depend upon my playing my part with a good will: for I owe them some revenge for their treatment of you; besides, you know I can refuse you nothing.

Enter old Pickle, behind.

Lit. P. Thank you a thousand times my dearest Maria; thus then we'll contrive it.

(seeing old Pickle coming behind, they pretend to whisper.

Old P. What! how's this? ~~dear Maria~~, and I'll refuse you nothing. Death ~~and the devil~~! my daughter has fallen in love with ~~that~~ young scoundrel, and his yeo, yeo, yeo; see too, they embrace. *(comes forward)* Mighty well, young madam, 'tis mighty well, but come, you shall be locked up immediately? and you, you young rascal, shall be whipped out of the house.

Lit. P. Avast, you're taken all a-back there; we will not part; here's my anchor fixed. Here I am, moored for ever.

(old Pickle takes hold of her hand to take her away; she resists, and little Pickle detains her by the other hand.

Maria. No, we'll never part. Oh, cruel fate!

Old P. He's infected her with his assurance already. What, you young minx, do you ~~own~~ you love him?

Maria. Love him, sir, I adore him; and in spite of your utmost opposition, ever, ever shall. Oh, sir, ~~(sighs)~~ let me now confess to you, the inmost secret of my breaking heart; I have long loved him:

Long have I felt the resistless passion ; long have I known——

Old P. (interrupting her) Oh, ruined, undone ! what a wretched old man I am ; but, Maria, child——

Maria. Think not to dissuade me, sir—vain attempt ! no, sir, my affections are fixed, irrevocably fixed, never to be recalled.*

Old P. Oh dear, what shall I do ? what will become of me ? but how is this, you young villain ; how have you dared to talk to her thus ? oh, a plague on all my plots ; I've lost my daughter, and for aught I know, my son too. Why, child, he is a poor beggar, he's not worth a sixpence.

Maria. My soul abhors so low a thought ! I despise wealth—know, sir, I cherish nobler sentiments :

The generous youth shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

Old P. What, poetry, nay, then 'tis time to prevent further mischief—go to your room ; a good key shall insure your safety ; and this young rascal shall go back to sea, and his yeo, yeo, yeo, if he will.

Maria. I obey your harsh commands, sir, and am gone, but, alas, I leave my heart behind me.

[*exit Maria.*]

Old P. Now, for you ; don't look so audacious, sirrah, don't fancy you belong to me ; I utterly disclaim you.

Lil. P. (laughing) But that's rather too late, now. there's a squall ; steer small, old one, you have publicly said I was your son, and damne, I'll make you stand to it, sir.

Old P. The devil—here's an affair—John, Thomas, William, Susan ; I shall be bullied, pressed, and murdered, for aught I know, by this young pirate.

SPOILED CHILD.

ACT II.

Lit. P. No, no, I'll not lose so good a father ; one so kind to me—

Enter servants.

Old P. Take that fellow, and turn him out of doors immediately ; take him, I say.

Servants. Fellow ! who, sir ?

Old P. Who, why zounds, don't you see him ?

John. What, my new young master ! no, sir, I've turned one out already, I'll turn out no more.

Lit. P. That's my hearty ; giv's your hand, shipmate. *(shakes hands.)*

Old P. He is not your young master ; he's no son of mine ; away with him, I say.

Susan. Why, sir, did not you tell us but now, that old Margery's child was your real son ; and is not that he ? did not my lady tell us all, we were to look upon him as her nephew ?

John. Why, master only does this to try us, and see whethet we mind his orders, or not.

Servants. Ay, ay, that's all, that's it.

Susan. No, sir, we know our young master too well, for all that—not your son, why he's like your honour, as one pea is like another.

Lit. P. That's my good girl. *(kisses Susan.)*

John. Ay, heaven bless him ; and may he shortly succeed your honour, in your estate and fortune.

[exunt servants.]

Old P. Rogues, villains ! I am abused, robbed ; there's a conspiracy formed against me ; and this little pirate is at the head of the gang.

Lit. P. Nice and no near, messmate ; you see you're all out in your dead reckoning ; your son's under a cloud, and your observation not worth a rope's end.

Enter servant with a letter.

Old P. Odso, but here's a letter from my poor

bay. 'I see ; this is comfort indeed.' Well, I'll send for him home without farther delay. *(Exit.)*

'Honoured sir,

'I heartily repent of having so far abused your goodness, whilst I was blest with your protection ; but as I fear no penitences will ever restore me to your favour, I have resolved to put it out of my power again to offend you, by instantly bidding adieu to my country for ever.'

How's this ? adieu to his country for ever. Here, John, run ; go directly to Margery, and fetch home my son, and——

Lit. P. You may save yourself the trouble, 'tis too late—you'll never bring him too now, make as many signals or fire as many guns as you please.

Old P. What do you mean ?

Lit. P. Mean ! why he and I have changed births, you know.

Old P. Changed births !

Lit. P. Ay, I'm got into his hammock, and he's got into mine, that's all ; he's some leagues off at sea by this time ; for the tide serves, and the wind's fair ; Botany-bay's the word, my boys.

[Exit, singing yeo.]

Old P. Botany-bay ! well, then my misery is indeed complete : will nobody do me the kindness to shoot me through the head—unhappy Pickle : but I'll instantly see about this myself ; and if 'tis true, why I'll come back just to blow your brains out, and so be either hanged or sent to Botany-bay after him. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. A GARDEN, A SEAT IN A BOWER.

Enter Miss Pickle.

Miss P. This is the hour of my appointment with Mr. Tagg, and my brother's absence is favourable.

indeed. Well, after such treatment, can he be surprised if I throw myself into the arms of so passionate an admirer. My fluttering little heart tells me, this is an important crisis in my happiness how much these vile men have to answer for, in thus bewitching us silly girls.

Tagg, behind the scenes

The heavy hours are almost
That part my love and I

(c.)

My longing eyes, may hope at last
Their only joy to see.

Thus most charming ~~of~~ her sex, do I prostrate myself before the shrine of your beauty. (*kneels*)

Miss P. Mr. Tagg, I have seized this opportunity to meet you; but why my dear Mr. Tagg, will you persist? I never can be yours.

Tagg. And is then my happiness a dream, an airy nothing, a phantom? oh, barbarous fair one! pity a wretch whose only crime is love. If I am mad, 'tis you have made me so, adorable lovely—what shall I call you? thou most beautified Ophelia.

Miss P. Indeed, Mr. Tagg you make me blush with your compliments.

Tagg. Compliments! oh call not, by that hack-nied term, the voice of truth—lovely nymph, ah! deign to hear me! I'll teach you what it is to love—oh, of Leinster famed for maidens fair.

Miss P. Love! dear Mr. Tagg, oh moderate your transports, be advised, think no more of this fatal passion.

Tagg. Think no more of it! can love be controlled by advice?

Miss P. Will Cupid our mothers obey,
Though my heart was as frozen as ice,
At his flame would have melted away

Tagg. Oh, then, consent, my angel, to join our hearts in one, or give me death in a bumper.

Miss P. Can I refuse any thing to such a lover *(aside)* But were I, my dear friend, to consent to our tender union, how could we contrive our escape? my brother's vigilance would overtake us, and you might have reason to repent his anger.

Tagg. Oh, he's a goth, a mere vandyke, my love. Say what men will, wedlock's a pill Bitter to swallow and hard of digestion; But fear makes the danger seem double, —
Yes, my men, what mischief can trouble—
 I have contrived the plot, and every scene of the elopement, but in this shady blest retreat, will I unfold it all—let's sit down like Jessica, and the fair Lorenza, here—

Would you taste the noontide air
 To yon fragrant bower repair.

(they sit down in the bower.)

Since music is the food of love, we'll to the nightingale's complaining note,

Tune our distresses, and record our throats.

(while Tagg is speaking, little Pickle steals round the stage, gets behind the bower, and sews their clothes together; then goes out unperceived.)

Miss P. Oh, I could listen thus forever to the united charms of love and harmony; but how are we to plan our escape?

Tagg. In a mean and low attire, muffled up in a great coat, and disguised with a large hat, will I await you in this happy spot; but why my soul, why not this instant fly? this moment will I seize upon my tender bit of lamb—I had her there as dead as mutton.

Miss P. No, I'm not yet equipped for an elope-
(aside.)

ment, and what's of more consequence still, I have not got with me a casket of jewels, I have prepared, rather too valuable to leave behind.

Tagg. That is indeed of some consequence to me,
(*aside.*)

My diamond my pearl,
Then be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

Here then will I remain, until my charmer returns again to bless my longing sight.

Miss P. Remain here, not for the universe; my brother may find you here on his return: no, you shall go and come back again in the disguise immediately; ~~and~~ ^{and} if fortune favours faithful lovers' vows, I will contrive to slip out to you.

Tagg. Dispose of me as you please, lovely creature, but don't forget the casket.

Enter little Pickle, running.

Lit. P. Granny, granny.

Tagg. Granny! what the devil does the fellow mean by granny?

Miss P. What rude interruption is this?

Lit. P. Oh, nothing at all, only father's coming, that's all.

Tagg. (*both get up*) The devil he is; what a catastrophe!

Miss P. Such an eclaireissement: one last adieu.
(*they embrace.*)

Lit. P. Here he comes, here he comes.

Miss P. Think you, we shall ever meet again?

(*find they are fastened, struggle.*)

Tagg. Damme, if I think we shall ever part.

Miss P. Don't detain me. Won't you let me go?
(*tenderly.*)

Tagg. Go! zounds, I wish you were to the devil.

- (they struggle ; Miss Pickle tears off the skirts
 • of Tagg's coat ; they run off different ways
Enter old Pickle.

Old P. Well, well, all's not so bad as I feared ; he's not yet gone to sea, and Margery assures me I shall see him ere long ; and she says, so changed, quite another thing from what he was ; such an alteration ! but now let me look after my sister ; though she made me play the fool, I'll take care to prevent her. I must not give up the consols so ; but odso, I have not seen my daughter, what a number of cares my poor brain has to perplex it ; well, I'll to her first, least young yeo, yeo, yeo, should really get her shipt off, as he pretended my poor boy was, and when I've secured fifteen, I'll look after fifty. But who is coming here : I'll conceal myself and watch.

Enter Miss Pickle, with a casket.

Miss P. Mr. Tagg, Mr. Tagg, (*passing over stage to bower*) I hope he's returned ; how I tremble. Kind Cupid guide your votary's feeble steps (*catches hold of little Pickle, who is behind the bower*) Oh, my dear Mr. Tagg, take the casket, and let us be gone ; let's make haste that we may escape before my brother comes back—he shall find an empty house for me, I can tell him that.

Lit. P. (*kissing her hand*) This way, this way—(*runs towards old Pickle, he comes forward and stops them.*)

Old P. Your most obedient humble servant, madam ; well said, fifty, egad. Sir your most obsequious, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Romeo, Mr. Devildum—what, are you in masquerade, eh ? what, John, Thomas, you shall not want attendants, mighty prince ; but mayhap, you had rather sleep in a castle. great hero—we have a convenient jail close by

where you will be very safe, most illustrious chief.

Miss P. Heaven's a jail? poor dear Mr. Tagg's a victim to his love for me. Oh, let's implore his forgiveness, intreat him to release you.

(Little Pickle throws off his disguise.)

Lit. P. Thus, then, let me implore for pardon. May I presume to offer myself an humble supplicant for mercy, before an offended, a justly offended parent—will he yet listen to my assurances of love and respect, and believe that a repentance, so sincere as mine, will never suffer my heart again to wander from its duty towards him.

Old P. What's this, my son? explain this mystery.

Miss P. (aside) What an equivocate! my nephew, and not Mr. Tagg—what a situation! where shall I hide my blushes?

Old P. Play me no more such tricks.

Lit. P. Tricks! oh, sir you recollect you have kindly pardoned them already; and now you must intercede for me, with my aunt, that I may have her forgiveness too, for preventing her from eloping, as she designed, with her tender swain, Mr. Tagg.

Old P. Ay, she shall: 'tis impossible to refuse you any thing.

Lit. P. And do you then indeed, forgive all my faults?

Old P. Forgive them! ah, had you vex'd me as much again, I should be more than repaid by the happiness of this moment.

Lit. P. Kind sir, my joy is then complete, and I will never more offend.

FINALE.

Kind sir, once more receive me
Within a parent's arms;
Nor drive me forth to wander,
Exposed to harsh alarms.

My duty, love, obedience,
This penitence secures;
Then ne'er adopt another child,
For I am only yours.

My joy is then completed,
Would but each generous guest,
By partial favour smiling,
Applaud each artless jest.

The object of each childish prank,
Was merely to amuse you,
Then censure not the school-boy's tricks,
But laugh at, and excuse me.

THE END OF THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

